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### CONTENTS

THE OLDEST LIFE OF ST. GREGORY.....	<i>By the Rev. Herbert Thurston</i>	337
RAMBLES FAR AWAY. III. ....	<i>By D. Gerard</i>	354
THE ATHANASIAN CREED.....	<i>By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith</i>	366
SUBJECTIVE IDEALISM.....	<i>By the Rev. Thomas R.</i>	385
EAST END SKETCHES. 5. Life in the Court.....	<i>By M. F. Quintan</i>	397
THE CATHOLIC BOYS' BRIGADE.....	<i>By John W. Gilbert</i>	404
THE MEMBER FOR FAIRDALE. Chapters XII.—XIV.	<i>By Wilfrid Wilberforce and A. R. Gilbert</i>	418
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM .....	<i>A Universal Language.</i>	436
REVIEWS.....		439
LITERARY RECORD .....		446

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## *The Oldest Life of St. Gregory.*

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TO look a gift horse in the mouth (*equi donati inspicere dentes*) was held, it appears, even in the time of St. Jerome to be an offence against good taste. If in the pages which follow I seem somewhat to neglect that venerable axiom, I should like at the outset to make it clear that I am not wanting in appreciation of the service which Abbot Gasquet and the Art and Book Company have recently rendered to their fellow-Catholics. The "*Vita Antiquissima S. Gregorii*," whatever judgment may ultimately be formed as to the correctness of such an appellation, is in any case a supremely interesting monument of English hagiography. It is beyond all dispute older than the time of King Alfred. It can be assigned with safety to a particular Northumbrian monastery, already famous in the pages of Bede, and it supplies some fragments at least of fresh information regarding the history of the Church in that district. In spite of its provincial origin and its defective Latin, the Life made its way to the Continent. The only copy now preserved to us was probably transcribed before 850 at the Monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland. At any rate the presence of this identical manuscript in the St. Gall library is attested in a catalogue now more than a thousand years old. The same *Vita Antiquissima*—it is convenient to use this name for distinction's sake—was also before the eyes of John the Deacon, the famous biographer of St. Gregory, who wrote in Rome about the year 873. He may be said to have incorporated every incident contained in it which in any way bore upon the life of his hero. But if in this way the newly-discovered document contains few details which were previously unknown to us, it is a matter of curious interest to be able to trace so many familiar stories to an English source. For these reasons and others less obvious, we must account it a great boon to have before us at last the entire text for which we have been waiting for nearly twenty years.

It was in 1886 that a distinguished Gregorian scholar, the late Dr. Paul Ewald, first called attention to the value of the *Vita Gregorii*, contained in the ancient MS. 567 in the library of St. Gall.<sup>1</sup> He explained at length the important features of this new document and he printed the text of its more historical portions, but though due attention was called to the *Vita Antiquissima* in various Catholic journals, notably by Father Grisar in the *Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie*,<sup>2</sup> and by Mr. Edmund Bishop in the *Downside Review*,<sup>3</sup> nothing further was done until the present year to render the document accessible as a whole. What we have now before us is a convenient and excellently-printed reproduction of a transcript made from the original by Abbot Gasquet, who thus concisely explains his share in the undertaking.

Through the kindness of Dom Ambrogio Amelli, the Prior of Monte Cassino, the authorities of the library at St. Gall sent the MS. volume containing this life to Cassino for my use. There, with the kind help of Dom Simplicio, the Under-Archivist, I was able to study and copy it; and now, with the assistance of Dom H. N. Birt, print it in its entirety, and thus carry out an intention conceived nearly twenty years ago.<sup>4</sup>

No English Catholic who takes an interest in historical research could fail to rejoice that a work likely to be so widely

<sup>1</sup> See *Historische Aufsätze dem Andenken an Georg Waitz gewidmet*, pp. 17—54. Abbot Gasquet says, *Dublin Review*, April, 1904, p. 228, that "the MS. in question is of the eighth and ninth century." While this statement is undoubtedly correct in the sense that some portions of the manuscript are of the eighth and others of the ninth century, there seems to be no difference of opinion as to the fact that the handwriting of the *Vita Gregorii* itself is of the ninth century. Indeed Herr Gustav Scherrer, the compiler of the modern catalogue (*Verzeichniss der Handschriften der Stiftsbibliothek von St. Gallen*, p. 182), while describing other portions of the same MS. as early ninth century, makes no such qualification in the case of the *Vita Gregorii*. Dr. Ewald also notices a point to which Abbot Gasquet makes no reference, viz., that the corrections of the MS. are added in a hand of the tenth or eleventh century. It is probably to this corrector also that the marks of quantity and the notes of interrogation, so frequently referred to in Abbot Gasquet's footnotes, must be attributed.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. x. 1886, pp. 751, 752.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. v. 1886, pp. 271, seq. The Introduction to the volume before us consists in fact almost entirely of a word for word reprint of Mr. Bishop's article. Although Abbot Gasquet tells his readers, "I reproduce here what was there said," it seems a pity that the exact limits of this long quotation of seven pages are not more clearly indicated.

<sup>4</sup> *Life of Pope Gregory the Great*. Written by a Monk of the Monastery of Whitby, c. 713, now first printed from MS. Gallen, 567. By F. A. Gasquet, D.D., Abbot President of the English Benedictines. Westminster: Art and Book Co., 1904, Introduction, p. x.

studied by scholars throughout the world should appear under such favourable auspices. We have long since come to recognize that Abbot Gasquet occupies an unique position in this country as the representative of ecclesiastical learning; and if there had been question of electing by vote the most competent person to undertake the editing of this important text, the name of Abbot Gasquet would probably have been the first to occur to almost every mind. Under these circumstances, I hope I shall be pardoned for expressing some sense of disappointment that the delicate task thus undertaken has not been more painstakingly carried out. The methods of the German historical school, of which Paul Ewald himself was one of the most brilliant representatives, have accustomed us to such punctilious accuracy in the editing of texts, that anything which falls short of this standard must inevitably fail to satisfy the public opinion of the learned. And, indeed, when we are dealing with Carolingian texts ungrammatically written and ignorantly copied, this minute accuracy is not a mere work of supererogation, but it is a matter of necessity. Abbot Gasquet himself remarks of the text which he is here editing: "It may be noted that the original writer, or copyist, does not appear to have been a very intelligent scribe, and many mistakes have been subsequently corrected." This is putting very mildly what Ewald in his essay expresses in much more vigorous language. "Any idea," he says, "of regarding this manuscript as the author's autograph copy must be excluded by the state of the text, which is shockingly corrupt (*entsetzlich corrumpierte*), and has been transcribed in innumerable passages absolutely without intelligence."<sup>1</sup> And again he observes: "The copyist understood little or nothing of the meaning of what was before him," and he adds, with regard to the corrector of the eleventh century, traces of whose activity may be seen here and there. "The corrector would have had a wide field for a display of energy were it not that his ingenuity seems to have taken fright at the wretchedly corrupt readings he had to deal with. The text remains little better than before: it stands just as the illiterate author had blunderingly composed, or the incompetent scribe had still more blunderingly copied it."<sup>2</sup>

It will be understood then, that when in perusing certain chapters of this *Vita Antiquissima* the reader comes across not

<sup>1</sup> Ewald, *Die älteste Biographie Gregors I.*, in libro citato, p. 24.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 25.

a few sentences which are not only ungrammatical but which in some cases seem to yield no intelligible meaning of any sort, it would be extremely rash to lay the blame at the door of its recent editor. Whether author or copyist be mainly in fault, the text in many passages seems to be hopelessly corrupt. At the same time it is exactly in such a desperate case as the present that the student will seek to profit by every minute clue which offers. Every erasure, every vacant space, every subsequent insertion, every peculiarity of spelling may afford some hint of the right word which originally stood there and which the ignorant copyist has failed to recognize. This is the justification of that scrupulous fidelity of reproduction which the German editors inculcate, and which, while it may easily degenerate into pedantry where manuscripts are numerous, is surely worthy of imitation in the case of a unique text like the present. Two methods of reproducing corrupt documents seem to be approved as equally scientific. You may either print the text with literal and exact fidelity to the manuscript before you, preserving every blunder, every capital letter, every mark of punctuation—in other words producing as nearly as may be a facsimile in type of what the scribe has written. Or you may print the text as you believe the author to have composed it, correcting blunders, and conjecturally supplying *lacunæ*, but always indicating punctiliously at the foot of the page the reading of the manuscript together with its erasures, omissions, and corrections. The second system is the more commonly followed, and it has been observed with rigorous exactitude by Dr. Ewald in those chapters of the same *Vita Antiquissima* which he has printed with his essay. This plan has obviously the great advantage of allowing the document to be continuously and easily perused by readers who do not care to trouble themselves with the details of textual criticism. I submit then, with all respect for Abbot Gasquet's better judgment, that it would have been advisable to follow the same practice consistently here. As it is, we seem to have neither one thing nor the other. On the one hand numerous sentences are left uncorrected and unintelligible, even where the correction needed is sometimes merely a grammatical change of the simplest kind.<sup>1</sup> On the other hand,

<sup>1</sup> It would be tedious to multiply examples, but many might be quoted. Thus on p. 24, l. 7. "His igitur peractis relationibus, que proprie ad nos pertineat," &c., *pertineat* should surely be *pertinent*. Or again p. 31, l. 6, "doctrine divine sic

in other chapters, and notably in those portions in which Dr. Ewald has shown the way, the emendations which he introduces are accepted freely and printed in the text, while on other occasions again without his guidance changes are avowedly made which seem quite unnecessary.<sup>1</sup> In any case the printed text cannot claim to be regarded as an accurate reproduction of the manuscript, as a patient inspection of the two photographic facsimiles in the present volume will not fail to show. To go no further than the rubricated heading Abbot Gasquet prints:

INCIPIT LIBER BEATI ET LAUDABILIS VIRI GREGORII PAPE URBIS  
ROMAE. DE VITA ATQUE EIUS VIRTUTIBUS.

I say nothing of the arbitrary use of capitals, though they do not agree with the original, but why have we *Pape* and then *Romae*? If we look at the facsimile in the original we have in both cases the same cedillated *e* which was commonly used in manuscripts of that period, where we now print *æ*. Even if the resources of an English printing press do not allow of the use of separate characters for the cedillated *e* such as Ewald uniformly employs, there can be no sufficient reason for printing *æ* in one case and *e* in another. No doubt this is a small matter, and to many will seem trivial, but even the variation of *e* or *æ* will often supply a useful clue, as may be illustrated by a sentence in the same facsimile of the first page of the manuscript. Abbot Gasquet prints the sentence as follows, together with a side-note in these terms: "His activity as envoy to Constantinople; his unworldly mind," &c.

Primo namque eum in eo loco honorificum secundum apostolice ubi hec designat clare Constantinopolim testantur respondisse, ubi confestim non in hoc gloriando, sed solite se humiliando, *Diu*, inquit, *longeque conversationis gratiam distuli*, &c. (A long quotation from the Preface to the *Moralia* follows).

*malefecit affluentia*," for *malefecit* we must certainly read *mollescit* or possibly *malescit*; God's love could not harm any one, but might soften him or fall like rain on his breast. So on p. 5, l. 12, *divinis* must surely be a blunder for *divinitus*, and two lines lower down *testantur* must be corrected to *testatur*—and so on.

<sup>1</sup> One or two of these will meet us later. Merely as specimens I note here, p. 16, l. 6, where *singulari* is substituted for *singularis*. But *singularis* gives a perfectly good sense. The King was remarkable not only for his wisdom but also for a royal authority which had remained uninterruptedly in his house even since the coming of the Angli. Or again, p. 22, l. 15, *se* seems quite needlessly substituted for *eam* of the MS. The *eam* refers to *agoniam* in the sense of a Sacred Host, a rare use of the word which might surely have suggested a footnote.

To the word *respondisse* we have the footnote appended "*responsce* in MS." Now we need not blame Abbot Gasquet because the sentence thus printed cannot be construed. The text is no doubt seriously corrupt. But when we inspect the facsimile we note two things; first, the word which the editor prints *respondisse* and reads *responsce*, is really *responsa* (there are many such final *a*'s in the other facsimile page which serves as a frontispiece to the brochure), and secondly, the word *apostolice* is written with a cedillated *e*, = *æ*, showing that the genitive of the adjective is intended. Moreover, we note that *secundum* is written in an abbreviated form *scdm*. Comparing this with the passage in the Prologue to the *Moralia* of St. Gregory which the author had before his eyes at the time,<sup>1</sup> and which he proceeds to quote, I have not a doubt that the same words which occur there also occurred here, and that the author had written *sedis apostolicæ . . . responsa*. Even this does not make the sentence quite clear, but we may fairly conclude that if the readings of the manuscript had been accurately recorded the student would often have had a much better chance of divining the author's meaning.

But, further, this same facsimile page reveals an even more noticeable departure from the written text of the manuscript. The second sentence of the Life in Abbot Gasquet's edition reads thus :

Longo tempore manens in monasterio, ubi eius animo labentia cuncta subter erant se ipse designat; rebus omnibus que voluntur eminebat [quod] nulla nisi celestia cogitare consuebat.

To the word *erant* is attached the footnote "*suis* in MS." But here again we have a quite unnecessary alteration. The portion of the text which Abbot Gasquet reads as *subter suis se* is really all one word *subterfuisse*. Any one who looks closely at the facsimile will see that the *f* is quite clearly formed. In this way we obtain a much simpler clause :

Longo tempore manens in monasterio ubi eius animo labentia cuncta subterfuisse ipse designat, &c.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Dudum te, frater beatissime, in Constantinopolitana urbe cognoscens, cum me illic sedis apostolicæ responsa constringerent," &c. Then follows the passage about "diu longeque conversionis gratiam distuli," &c. It is curious that Abbot Gasquet while printing "conversationis" (*sic*) from the MS. before him sees no occasion for any note. *Sedis apostolicæ responsa* was then the technical phrase for the diplomatic service of the Holy See.

<sup>2</sup> See St. Gregory, *Dialogi*, Bk. i. Prologue. "Infelix quippe animus meus occupationis sæ pulsatus vulnere meminit qualis aliquando in monasterio fuit; quomodo ei labentia cuncta subter erant; quantum rebus omnibus quæ voluntur eminebat; quod nulla nisi celestia cogitare consueverat."



The introduction of *erant* into the text was therefore not required; and it seems to me that we might equally well dispense with the bracketed word *quod* in the second clause of the sentence, even though it be found in the text of the Dialogues from which our anonymous biographer is here quoting. Let me hasten to add that any one who inspects the facsimile page will also see that the break in the word caused by the end of the line renders the misreading *subter suis se* a very pardonable one. None the less, if the editor of this *Vita Antiquissima* were a less busy man we do not think such accidents would occur. But good editorial work upon corrupt texts like that before us cannot be turned out without much careful revision and a proportionate expenditure of time. The most serious aspect of slips of this sort is that they shake our confidence in the reading of other perplexed passages where the control of a facsimile of the MS. is wanting. Without dwelling upon the point unduly it may be worth while to take one or two examples which are concise enough to be quotable. Others which would require a fuller examination of the context must necessarily be passed over. In the story of the horse and the demons which occupies chapter xxii. of the Life, the following sentence occurs. The writer is speaking of the man whom St. Gregory excommunicated for divorcing his wife:

Quam excommunicationis sententiam non facile ferens, sua adhuc augendo scelera, magorumque sinit adiumenta duorum, quibus pecuniam promittendo placabilem, illi fecit eos insidiassse.

So the sentence reads in Abbot Gasquet's text, though the words yield no intelligible meaning. There can, I think, be little doubt that the author really wrote *magorum quæsivit adiumenta duorum*. Indeed this is so obvious that the editor may have thought it needless to point it out. But then, one is inclined to ask, why amend the reading of the MS. by printing as we have seen "*respondisse*," "*subter erant*," and many similar corrections, while leaving other enigmatic sentences without so much as a footnote? Even on this same page 29, the editor, as I think erroneously, prints *hostes magi* where, as he notes, the manuscript reads *hostes magni*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Quem cum viderunt, arte sua demonia excitantes miserunt ut ei mali aliquid fecissent. Statimque hostes magi (?) equum eius intrantes quem sedebat, cito insanire fecerunt." The two magicians called up a host of demons and sent them to torment Pope Gregory. It was not the magicians themselves, but the *hostes magni* thus despatched by them who entered into the Pope's horse and made it ungovernable.



Again in chapter v. we have another instance of wrongly divided words, which, even if suggested by the appearance of the manuscript, ought not, I submit, to be reproduced in the text without any caution. The words as printed, stand thus :

Unde et ibi eo sepius mirabili usque declarantur, quo fiunt ipsi doctores meliores ;

where of course *mirabiliusque* should be read instead of *mirabili usque*. A similar example occurs on p. 8 :

Unde cum mira que "unus atque idem spiritus operatur in nobis, dividens singulis prout vult," veraciterque iam sint requiramus, etc.

Surely this as it stands is meaningless. We must read *veraciter quæ iam sint*, i.e., "when we seek honestly to know what those marvels are which one and the same spirit worketh in us." Possibly enough the true reading is not *quæ iam sint*, but *quænam sint*. In such cases a distinction between the cedillated and the ordinary *e* would have been helpful, though it is only reasonable to suppose that the printer may sometimes be responsible for the wrongful collocation. In any case it is difficult to imagine that these pitfalls thus strewn in the reader's path<sup>1</sup> are due merely to the desire to reproduce the manuscript exactly as it is written ; for a comparison of the facsimiles with the corresponding pages of the printed text shows that no notice has been taken of such forms as *adhec*, *interram*, *incelis*, &c. In these, though the scribe has joined preposition and substantive without any perceptible break, the printer has separated them in the usual way.

Another point to which insufficient attention seems to have been paid is the question of punctuation. I do not propose to dwell upon this matter, but I give a single example to make my meaning clear. In the story of St. Gregory's successor, who refused to feed the vast number of poor whom the Saint had supported,<sup>2</sup> we find the following sentence :

<sup>1</sup> I have noticed several other examples. For instance, p. 42. "Primo enim ea angeli hominibus nuntiabant (? nuntiabant) optimisque illi post ea minoribus." This should surely read in accordance with the context : "Primo enim ea angeli hominibus nuntiabant optimis, quæ illi postea minoribus." Again on p. 25, of the unbelieving matron : "Sacrosanctum sacrificium ad confirmandum incredulitatem eiusque huic erat incredula sacramento," where the author presumably wrote *eius que huic erat incredula sacramento*. On the other hand, on p. 15, I think we ought to read *Postque non multum tempus* ; not *Post que* as in the text, and *quantaque potuit festinatione* not *quanta que* as Abbot Gasquet prints it. And again on p. 8, *sumusque factura creati* would appear less inexplicable than what now stands there, i.e., *imago Dei sumus, que factura creati*.

<sup>2</sup> P. 37.

Cum enim sanctus vir Gregorius Christi, sic caritate constringitur ut plures e populo post suam conversos susceperat, doctrinamque suorum eorum non facile iste ab eo secundus portavit multitudinem, dicens, &c.

The sentence is not easy to construe with this punctuation. Neglecting the barbarous sequence of *ut susceperat*, of which this *Vita Antiquissima* contains other examples, it seems clear that we must take together the words *post suam conversos* (*doctrinam*) *doctrinamque suorum*, i.e., those who have been converted to (literally after or in accordance with) his teaching and the teaching of his followers. Thus I should punctuate :

Cum enim sanctus vir Gregorius, Christi sic caritate constringitur, ut plures e populo post suam conversos susceperat (susciperet) doctrinamque suorum, eorum non facile iste ab eo secundus portavit multitudinem, dicens.

For a specimen of eighth century Latin this is intelligible enough.

No doubt these are all small matters, and it needs no argument to convince me that if Abbot Gasquet had been able to spend a little more time over his work we should have had a practically speaking flawless and definitive edition of this important text. As it is, the reader's confidence in the accuracy of the present transcript can hardly fail to be shaken, and when Ewald and the present editor are found to disagree as to a reading, the present editor's verdict, though later in time, is not likely to be accepted as final. An instance may be noted in chapter iv. of the *Vita*, where the author discussing the question of miracles writes thus ; so at least the words are printed in the edition before us.

Et sunt nonnulli qui cum infidelibus signa petunt sicut ait apostolus : Judei signa petunt, quibus signum Jone Christus comminatur futurum. Et iterum, lingue in signum sunt, non fidelibus sed infidelibus [profeci autem non infidelibus sed fidelibus].

A footnote is added to explain that the words in brackets have been inserted in the margin. But surely this interpolated clause should read PROFETIÆ autem non infidelibus sed fidelibus. These are the words which immediately follow in St. Paul,<sup>1</sup> and so they are copied by Ewald, who chancas to mention this insertion as written in a hand one or two centuries later than that of the original scribe. One would judge the form *profeci*

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. xiv. 22.

in Abbot Gasquet's edition to be in fact a mere typographical error, were it not that the whole clause is printed in ordinary letters, distinct from the italics which mark the quotation preceding.

Accepting, however, the text of the *Vita* as we find it in the book before us, I propose to say a few words upon the question of its relative antiquity as compared with the accounts of St. Gregory left us by Bede, Paul the Deacon, and John the Deacon. Abbot Gasquet, somewhat curiously, goes into no detail concerning the age of the *Vita Antiquissima*, but is content to refer his readers to Ewald, without warning us that the claim of this Life to be considered "the most ancient" admits of much discussion. To say the truth, the elaborate argument in Ewald's essay, while deserving the most careful consideration, as might be expected of such a scholar, does not in the present state of our knowledge seem to me by any means convincing. That the Life now for the first time printed was earlier than John the Deacon, who wrote *c.* 873, and was freely used by him, may be admitted without hesitation. John expressly refers to a Life of Gregory current in England, and as he also repeats certain tales (notably the Trajan story) which are found in the narrative before us, attributing them expressly to these English sources, there can be no reasonable doubt that this is the Life from which he copied.

When, however, Ewald goes on to say that this English biography was also known to the Deacon Paul, who wrote a hundred years earlier, in the second half of the eighth century, he is making a statement which has been put out of court by a discovery published since his paper was written. Ewald's essay and Mr. Bishop's summary of it, reprinted by Abbot Gasquet in his Introduction, appeared in 1886, but in 1887 Father Grisar published for the first time a critical edition, founded on more than twenty manuscripts, mostly Italian, of the primitive text of the *Vita S. Gregorii* by Paul the Deacon.<sup>1</sup> This revised edition shows that the hitherto received text of Paul, as it appears in the great Benedictine and Bollandist collections, has been extensively interpolated, and that the interpolations consist for the most part of precisely those passages which are derived from the English *Vita Antiquissima*.<sup>2</sup> Moreover, it appears in every

<sup>1</sup> I may notice that Potthast in his *Bibliotheca Medii Ævi*, seems unreservedly to accept Father Grisar's conclusions.

<sup>2</sup> See the *Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie*, 1887, pp. 158—173. As Father Grisar himself points out, the hypothesis that the Life by Paul the Deacon was

way probable that the interpolations were not introduced into the text of Paul until after John the Deacon had compiled his biography. We can hardly suppose that if John had found the story of Trajan and St. Gregory in the copy of Paul which he had before him, he would have neglected to appeal to the authority of the earlier biographer, especially as he lets us know that the authenticity of the fact narrated was questioned in Rome. As it is, instead of telling us that the Trajan legend was to be found in Paul the Deacon, he expressly, as I have just said, refers it to an English source. Moreover, there is another noteworthy argument. The interpolated version of the *Vita Gregorii* professes in more than one passage to have been written in Rome itself. The very first words as they stand in the St. Maur edition run: "Gregorius *hac* urbe Romana patre Gordiano *matre virgo Silvia* editus." The true text, as Father Grisar has established it from the manuscripts at Monte Cassino and from other authoritative sources, has only "Gregorius urbe Romulea patre Gordiano editus." Now the mention of Silvia as the name of St. Gregory's mother seems to have been certainly derived from the English *Vita Antiquissima*. It is neither in Bede, nor in the *Liber Pontificalis*, nor, as we now see, in the genuine text of Paul the Deacon. The *hac urbe Romana*, which recurs in chapters 23, 27, and 29 of the interpolated St. Maur edition, is also peculiar to this fuller form, and is rendered especially significant by the fact that John the Deacon in the Prologue to his *Vita S. Gregorii* states that the Church of Rome possessed as yet no biography of the great St. Gregory, though he adds that the Lombards had one Life of him and the Anglo-Saxons another. There can be little doubt that the two Lives thus referred to were first, that of Paul the Deacon (who rejoiced in the German name of Warnefried and who also wrote the *Historia Longobardorum*), and secondly, this newly

interpolated, had already been put forward by Bethmann in the *Archiv für ältere deutsche Geschichtskunde*, vol. x. p. 305, an article afterwards separately printed; but no one before Father Grisar seems to have attempted any careful study of the Italian manuscripts at Monte Cassino and elsewhere, which were most likely to preserve correctly the text of a distinguished historian who lived there as a monk in the latter part of his life. The same uninterpolated text is found in MS. Cotton, Nero, E, 1, at the British Museum. Ewald in a footnote makes a bare reference to Bethmann's suggestion that Paul the Deacon's Life of St. Gregory was interpolated, but the footnote seems to have been an afterthought; in the text the authenticity of the St. Maur edition of Paul is taken for granted. The only defence made by Ewald is to suggest that Paul may have himself supplemented his Life of St. Gregory in a later redaction. Father Grisar's facts were of course not before him.

printed *Vita Antiquissima*. The stress laid by John on the fact that no Roman Life existed in his time seems not only to warrant us in the conclusion that the interpolated Paul was unknown to him, but also proves that this interpolated edition could not have been a later redaction revised and enlarged by the author himself. It is inconceivable that if the enlarged version had been prepared in Rome before the death of Paul, John, who lived and wrote in Rome, should have heard nothing of it. We are forced then to conclude that the interpolations in the Life by Paul the Deacon are of later date than 875.

The important contribution to Gregorian literature made by Father Grisar's article in the Innsbrucker *Zeitschrift*, on the true text of Paul, must have escaped Abbot Gasquet's notice. Otherwise he could hardly have stated so unhesitatingly in the *Dublin Review*,<sup>1</sup> a few months back, that this English *Vita Antiquissima* occupied a noteworthy place among the materials used by Paul the Deacon in compiling his biography.

It does not, of course, follow because the work of the Northumbrian monk was unknown to his Lombard rival far away in Monte Cassino, that the English Life of St. Gregory was therefore the later in date. But to establish the fact that the English biography was the earlier, we are thrown back upon the remaining arguments of Ewald, which in themselves are far from being conclusive. The principal point upon which he insists is the contention that the Northumbrian monk cannot have been acquainted with Bede's *Historia Ecclesiastica*, and must therefore in all probability have written before that work appeared, *i.e.*, before 735. If the author of the *Vita Antiquissima*, Ewald urges, had had access to Bede's History, he could not have complained so loudly of the dearth of materials for St. Gregory's Life.

The naïve modesty of the Northumbrian monk [says Ewald] may induce us to be patient with the scanty information of his biography. He is quite conscious of his clumsy style and his lack of learning, and he impresses it upon us that "caritas urget nos iuxta nostri modulum ingenioli hæc<sup>2</sup> memoriæ tradere signa, de hoc nostro Deo nobis donante auctore;"<sup>3</sup> or again: "Obsecramus lectorem, si quid melius scire possit in illis, ne vituperationis suæ dente nostræ adrodet opus diligentiae tanti viri dilectione magis quam scientia extorsum."<sup>4</sup> He complains that he

<sup>1</sup> See Abbot Gasquet's article on St. Gregory and England, in the April number of the *Dublin Review*, 1904.

<sup>2</sup> So Ewald. Abbot Gasquet prints *hoc*.

<sup>3</sup> Gasquet's Edition, p. 40.

<sup>4</sup> P. 39.

knows so little of his hero, and especially so little that is certain. "Unde si quid horum quæ scripsimus de hoc viro non fuit, quæ etiam non ab illis qui viderunt et audierunt per ore didicimus, vulgata tantum habemus."<sup>1</sup> He is quite frank about his ignorance: "De fine vero huius vitæ viri, quomodo qualis esset, minime audivimus."<sup>2</sup> He would be glad to recount other things besides miracles about St. Gregory if only he had information. "De quo librum scribere cupientes, cum pauca eius de gestis audivimus, signorum ne fastidium sit legentibus precamur, si aliquid de laude tanti viri loquamur uberius."<sup>3</sup> Nay, even of the miracles themselves, to his great regret, his knowledge is incomplete. "Neque illud signum sapientiæ et gratiæ Dei in eo silendum est, licet ex parte ut cetera nesciatur et nobis."<sup>4</sup> And indeed he is not sure that what he relates all belongs to Gregory, and he begs the reader with a really touching simplicity: "Neque et illud moveat quemquam si quid horum de alio quolibet sanctorum fuisset effectum,"<sup>5</sup> and consoles himself and other believers with the reminder that, after all, the saints form only one body, and are members one of another.<sup>6</sup>

I cannot help thinking that the impression given by this summary is rather misleading. The burden of the biographer's complaints, as I understand them, is not so much the lack of historical materials as the lack of miracles. As Ewald himself fully admits, the writer's purpose was primarily edification. He would not have cared to relate the political events of Gregory's pontificate. A collection of the Pope's letters would have been practically useless to him. He makes, as it seems to me, more than one involved apology for the comparative penury of miraculous events in the history.<sup>7</sup> Hence it is probable that in one of the passages just quoted, Ewald's punctuation is less satisfactory than Abbot Gasquet's. I should prefer to punctuate with the latter: "De quo librum scribere cupientes cum pauca eius de gestis, audivimus signorum, ne fastidium sit legentibus precamur, si aliquid de laude tanti viri loquamur uberius." Ewald reads: "signorum ne fastidium sit legentibus"—*i.e.*, we beg our readers not to grow weary of miracles; but it is equally possible to suppose that the writer is dissatisfied with the fewness of the miracles which he had to record. In either case the language used seems quite consistent with a knowledge of the account, which is after all but brief, given of St. Gregory in the pages of Bede. A man who

<sup>1</sup> P. 41.      <sup>2</sup> P. 44.

<sup>3</sup> P. 4; as will be explained below, the sense of this passage depends upon the punctuation we adopt.

<sup>4</sup> P. 30.

<sup>5</sup> P. 40.

<sup>6</sup> Ewald, l.c. p. 28.

<sup>7</sup> See pp. 6—9, and 39—43.



had all Bede before him might still complain of paucity of materials for the Life of the great Pope.

So far Dr. Ewald's argument is not in any way conclusive. Neither does he seem to me to add to its force when he lays stress upon the resemblance between the commencement of the account of St. Gregory in Bede<sup>1</sup> and the first chapters of the *Vita Antiquissima*. It certainly appears difficult to suppose that both writers should independently have turned their thoughts to the same passages in the Prologue to the Dialogues and in the letter prefixed to the *Moralia*, although it is, of course, also possible that both have drawn their inspiration from some common source, all trace of which has now perished. Unquestionably (and I gather that Mr. Plummer in his admirable edition of Bede is of the same opinion) it looks highly probable that there is something more than mere coincidence here; only everything in my judgment seems to point to the conclusion that the Northumbrian monk had studied Bede and not *vice versa*. But it will be helpful to indicate the nature of the connection by printing a few of the more important sentences in parallel columns.

BEDE.<sup>2</sup>

Erat autem natiōe Romanus a patre Gordiano genus a proavis non solum nobile, sed et religiosum ducens. . . Nobilitatem vero illam, quam ad sæculum videbatur habere, totam ad nanciscendam supernæ gloriæ dignitatis divina gratia largiente convertit. Nam mutato repente habitu sæculari monasterium petiit in quo tanta perfectionis gratia cæpit conversari, ut sicut ipse postea flendo solebat adtestari, animo illius labentia cuncta subteressent ut rebus omnibus quæ voluntur emineret ut nulla nisi cælestia cogitare soleret

*Vita Antiquissima.*<sup>3</sup>

Fuit igitur iste natiōe Romanus, ex patre Gordiano et matre Silvia, nobilis secundum legem, sed nobilior corde coram Deo in religione. Longo iam<sup>4</sup> tempore manens in monasterio, ubi eius animo labentia cuncta subterfuisse ipse designat, rebus omnibus quæ voluntur eminebat, nulla nisi cælestia cogitare consuerat. . . Primo namque eum in eo loco honorificum sedis apostolicæ (ubi hæc designat clare Constantinopolim)<sup>5</sup> testantur responsa, ubi confestim non in hoc gloriando, sed solite se humiliando, *Diu*, inquit, *longeque conversationis*<sup>6</sup> (sic)

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Eccles.* ii. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Bede, *Hist. Eccles.* Bk. ii. ch. i.; Plummer, i. pp. 74, 75.

<sup>3</sup> I have not always followed here the readings adopted by Abbot Gasquet, p. 2.

<sup>4</sup> As a minor illustration of the want of needful care in revising proofs, I note that the word *iam*, which appears clearly in the facsimile of the MS., is omitted in Abbot Gasquet's text.

<sup>5</sup> It seems to me probable that this clause should be regarded as a parenthesis.

<sup>6</sup> This substitution for *conversionis* may have been due to the frequent recurrence of the word *conversatio* in Bede.



&c. . . et dum primo de monasterio abstractus, ad ministerium altaris ordinatus, atque Constantinopolim apocrisiarius<sup>1</sup> ab apostolica sede directus, non tamen in terreno conversatus palatio propositum vitæ cælestis intermisit.

gratiam distuli, et postquam cælesti sum desiderio afflatus sæculari habitu contegi melius putavi. . . . Quæ tandem cuncta sollicitè fugiens, portum monasterii petiisse, &c.

Now that one writer has borrowed from the other must seem from a careful comparison probable enough, but the very first line supplies a strong motive for supposing that it is not Bede, but the Northumbrian monk, who is the borrower, and consequently the later of the two. Why, if Bede had before him the name of Gregory's mother, should he reject this detail which it would have been so natural to insert? And still more, why should he throughout his Ecclesiastical History, which shows little signs of excessive caution in the sifting of materials, have forborne to make use of the many interesting details recorded in the *Vita Antiquissima*, many of which seem so pat to his purpose. The author of the *Vita*, being, as the text clearly shows, a monk of Whitby, might surely be trusted to know the truth about the translation of St. Edwin's relics to his own monastery. Yet not a word of this story does Bede incorporate in his narrative, though he speaks in some detail both of Edwin and of Whitby. Again, it is not easily intelligible why the story of the ill-omened jackdaw, or of the swan which figured the flight of the spirit of St. Paulinus, or of the efforts of the Roman people to deter St. Gregory from going to England, should have been passed over by Bede in absolute silence. If the *Vita Antiquissima*, as Ewald supposes, was before him when he wrote, we should at least have expected him to allude to these stories as unfounded if he did not consider them to be trustworthy. Without, then, debating the matter further, it must be sufficient to say here that all the probabilities seem to me to point to the fact that it was the Whitby monk who used, and in the matter of St. Gregory, largely supplemented, the Ecclesiastical History of Bede; not *vice versa*.

Almost the only other argument upon which Ewald seems to base his decision as to the early date of the *Vita Antiquissima* is the fact that the author declares he had the story of the discovery of the relics of St. Edwin and their translation to

<sup>1</sup> I may remind the reader that *apocrisiarius*, as its Greek derivation implies, was the official who looked after the "*responsa ecclesiastica*," the diplomatic business of the Holy See at a distance from Rome.

Whitby from the lips of a certain Brother in the same monastery who was a relative (*cognatus*) of the priest—his name is given as "Trimma"<sup>1</sup>—to whom the discovery was due. Now *cognatus* is a very vague word. It might well mean nephew or even grand-nephew. The translation took place between 695 and 704. "Trimma," it appears, lived on afterwards, we are not told for how many years.<sup>2</sup> There would be no violence in supposing that the relative to whom the story was confided survived until 750, and if he chanced in his old age to repeat the tale to the anonymous author of the *Vita Gregorii* somewhere about the middle of the century, we have no guarantee that the *Vita* itself was written before 780. At this date the Life of St. Gregory by Paul the Deacon was probably already in circulation. Nothing in any way decisive can therefore be concluded from this line of argument.

Even less convincing is Ewald's suggestion that the English Life was probably written in the lifetime of Elfled, Abbess of Whitby, who died in 713, because her name is introduced without any reference to her decease, or any phrase implying that her memory was held in benediction. The fact is that the only mention of Elfled's name occurs in the account of Trimma's vision, and it is difficult to decide whether the words which refer to her do not form part of a speech. "Debes enim," says the phantom to Trimma, "ossa eius exinde tollere et tecum ad Streunes-Alae (Streoneshalch or Whitby) deducere, quod est

<sup>1</sup> The appearance of the name "Trimma" in a MS. so carelessly written, suggests serious doubts as to the accuracy of its reproduction. To judge from Searle's *Onomasticon Anglo-Saxonicum*, and from the Index to Birch's *Cartularium*, "Trimma" is quite unknown as an Anglo-Saxon name, but Tumma (with Tuma and Tuna, which appear to be its variants) is comparatively frequent. The curious point is that Tumma is already well-known in connection with Whitby. Just as Eda was apparently a short form for Edwine, Saba for Saberct, Sigra for Sigfrid, and Aelle for Aelfwine (see Kemble, *Proceedings of Archaeolog. Institute*, Winchester volume, 1845, p. 97), so Tumma was used as an abbreviated substitute of Trumwine. The form Tumma occurs in the anonymous early biography of St. Cuthbert (printed among Bede's *Opera Minora*, § 4 and § 30), as well as in Kemble, *Codex Diplomaticus*, i. n. xxv.; and undoubtedly designates Trumwine, Bishop of the Picts, who spent, as Bede tells us, his last years in the monastery at Whitby, and was buried in the church there, and seems to have been venerated as a saint. I cannot help suspecting that the "Trimma" of our manuscript and the Tumma of the anonymous Life of St. Cuthbert represent one and the same person, even though the *Vita Antiquissima* describes him as exercising the functions of a *priest*, not those of a Bishop. And this confusion, if it be a confusion, seems to argue that the Whitby monk who compiled the Life of St. Gregory did not write until late in the eighth century, sixty years and more after the death of Trumwine.

<sup>2</sup> The text is here terribly corrupt, and it is hard to speak confidently of the precise meaning.

coenobium famosissimum Aelfledæ, filiæ supradictæ reginæ Eonfledæ, natæ, ut supra diximus, Eduini, femina valde iam religiosa." It is quite uncertain which are the words of the phantom and which of the writer; and in the present state of the text it seems most unsafe to draw positive conclusions.<sup>1</sup>

I venture, then, to urge that the most reliable of the points raised is the fact that while either Bede copied from the Whitby monk or the Whitby monk from Bede, it seems inconceivable, as stated above, that Bede, if the *Vita Antiquissima* was before him, would have neglected so much of this attractive material. We are therefore led to the conclusion that the *Vita* is posterior to Bede. Whether it is also posterior to the Life by Paul the Deacon is a doubtful point, and there seems very little evidence which can help us to decide the question one way or the other. I may hope in a future article to speak more in detail of one or two of the stories for which the *Vita Antiquissima* is our earliest authority.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> P. 28. Dr. Ewald himself points out that the reference in the same chapter to the *quatuor interfectorum* may very possibly be meant to include Elfred amongst those already deceased. There seem to have been four royal personages interred at Whitby.

## Rambles Far Away.

### III.<sup>1</sup>

Il faut apprendre à voir, comme en musique on apprend à entendre.

(Alfred Stevens.)

DOG and cat tragedies are almost a commonplace of country-life; so much so, in fact, that after having mourned over a reasonable number of victims, after having collected into decent graves a certain proportion of mangled remains, a sort of callousness, which I hope is not heartlessness, begins to creep over the mind of the averagely busy person. One can be heart-broken once or twice in a lifetime; but to live in a chronic state of heart-break demands more mental energy, as well as more leisure than most people have at their command. When old pets have been buried and new favourites acquired sufficiently often, it begins to be borne in upon the human mind that nobody (four-footed) is quite irreplaceable. Not that to the dog-lover, one dog can ever possibly be as good as another, but that yet in time something of the French state of mind is reached regarding the decease of monarchs. *Le chien est mort, vive le chien!*

It is almost superfluous to say that the cat-tragedies are, with few exceptions (these exceptions being generally foxes) due to the direct action of the dog. In these he plays the part of the villain, while in the others, in which he sinks to the rôle of victim, the villain is represented either by a man with a gun, a runaway cart, or sometimes a bigger dog.

We have an animal on our premises—a shaggy, black animal of nondescript breed—whose propensities in this line have for years past turned the process of cat-keeping into a burning problem. But for the circumstance that he spends his days in a sort of wild-beast-cage, constructed expressly for his confinement, I believe that cats would long since have been extinct in this neighbourhood. Even as it is the havoc he contrives to

<sup>1</sup> See THE MONTH, Nov. 1901 and Jan. 1903

work among the members of the feline tribe during the hours of darkness, which are his hours of freedom, is enormous. If the limp and furry corpse discovered in the morning in a ditch beside the house, or stumbled upon in the grass among the fruit trees, is unfamiliar to our eyes, the sight is borne with Christian resignation; but if it be identified as the latest kitchen favourite, lamentation becomes general. Reproaches are equally so,—everybody accusing everybody else of not having “collected” the cats at the proper hour. For to collect all the cats of the establishment before dark, that is before the door of the iron cage is opened to let loose upon the world the sworn enemy of their kind, has long been one of the regular functions of the day. The sun has scarcely set when such names as: “Mietz!” “Maczko!” or “Kotka!” are to be heard ringing out over the landscape, in voices shrill with anxiety, which voices belong to kitchen or scullery-maids standing on door-steps and shading their eyes, to scan the horizon. Once captured, the precious beasts are relegated to a cupboard whose door is not supposed to open again until that of the iron cage has next morning closed once more upon its rightful occupant. Accident or the contradictiousness of the cats themselves occasionally mars the plan of this beautifully simple arrangement; and then it is that Krampus adds another scalp to his record. By this time he must have whole hecatombs of cats upon his conscience, not to mention an occasional stray member of his own species, who has been rash enough to venture over our borders.

It was one of these imprudent individuals who, indirectly, caused us to start on the ramble I am about to talk about, which was, strictly speaking, a cat-hunt, for all this preliminary is only to explain how we came to be in need of a new cat.

She was a model of her kind, this animal who was so soon to require a successor, not over-burdened with physical charms, to be sure, being of a dirty white, with a few dun-coloured spots at the wrong places; but in mind exactly what a cat should be, that is to say, having that mind exclusively bent upon one thing in life: the catching of mice. The way in which she would saunter into the store-room at my heels—having first arrived like a flash from nowhere, at the mere sound of the key turning in the lock—and would then within half a minute produce a mouse, also apparently from nowhere, and just as neatly and infallibly as a juggler produces an orange from his sleeve, positively smacked of genius. And what made it almost

possible to sympathize with her occupation—apart from its practical side—was the fact that she made such mercifully short work of her victims. "Kotka" never played any of those sickening games which have become proverbial. With her it was evidently not play at all, but deadly earnest. One neat movement of the paw, a few delicate crunches, and the thing was done. It was therefore, not for utilitarian reasons alone that Kotka was cherished, but likewise for sentimental ones.

And yet not even this pearl of her species was to be spared by the arch-murderer.

It was on a moonlit November evening that somebody—I think it was the coachman—announced, aghast, that there was a mad dog upon the premises. It may be observed here, *en parenthèse*, that all stray dogs are always considered mad by the lower classes in Galicia, a rashness of conclusion which on the whole works beneficially. Though having my doubts on the subject of the beast's absolute insanity, I accordingly gave strict orders that Krampus should not be released from his cage, and having done this, dismissed the matter from my thoughts.

Next morning, to my dismay, the cook met me with eyes swollen to the size of giant gooseberries. I was just wondering whether it was a broken plate or a tiff with the housemaid, when she quaveringly informed me that Kotka was no more.

The manner in which it had come about was as follows: Somebody, hearing the order given concerning Krampus, had considered that this was an excellent opportunity for letting Kotka have a regular "outing," one of those moonlight walks after which her soul so visibly hankered—and with the moon at the full, too! Accordingly, instead of being "collected," she was allowed to wander away at her own sweet will. Somebody else, ignorant of this fact, and having meanwhile discovered that the supposed mad dog was a harmless vagrant in search of a supper, first chased him off, and then, upon his own responsibility, opened the door of the cage—with the sad result afore-mentioned.

There have been times when one cat more or less in the house would have made no serious difference, but just now our stock—owing to recent abnormal activity on Krampus's part—was very low; nor among the insignificant animals we still possessed was there one whom we considered worthy to step into Kotka's place. We always have a "first cat," just as

orchestras have a first violin, and the general feeling of the establishment was that we could not remain long without a successor to Kotka.

It was suggested that the successor should be black. Not only had the younger generation long desired to possess a coal-black cat, but practical considerations seemed to support the idea. Some observant person made the remark that it was always the light-coloured cats that succumbed the quickest to their fate, owing no doubt to the fact of being more easily spied through the darkness by Krampus's piercing eyes. Kotka, whom we so freshly mourned, had been nearly white,—so had many other victims. The one recorded instance of a light-coloured cat that had survived for any length of time, was that of a certain lanky but marvellously agile beast, that had actually managed to wriggle out of Krampus's very jaws, half-dislocating her neck in the process, and condemned for ever after to hold her head cocked to one side at an angle which, to the uninitiated, looked like the height of affectation, and which earned for her the family appellation of "the crooked beauty." Taken all in all, it certainly seemed that the darker the cat the greater its chances of life ought to be. A black cat, accordingly, with its maximum of facility of wedding itself to the shadows, should, at a rough guess, outlive all the others.

A black cat, therefore. But how to find it? By beating the village, of course. Upon which, unavoidably, the black cat is elevated into the object of a walk—of several walks, if need be.

Early in the afternoon we are afoot already, for Lobaki, our chosen hunting-ground, lies at more than an hour's distance, and the days are at their shortest. The walk itself, even without an "object," and even in November, has its charms for people with "eyes to see." Across meadows and through the woods it leads, the towering oak-woods that become almost awful in winter. Though the moon was so bright last night, the sun has not shown to-day. It is typical November—not boisterous, but sullen November. The brilliancy of autumn is over. All the many-coloured leaves have faded to a uniform, dull brown, and most of them now carpet the earth. The oaks, the latest to grow green, are also the latest to grow black. Even now they still cling to their threadbare garments, while, beside them, both birches and beeches stand with scarcely a rag to cover them.

We came to a clearing where, among the young underwood,



there still stand the monuments of the old forest—huge, black stumps, sometimes two yards across. Their moss-grown faces seem to me full of wisdom. I believe they are telling the saplings that there is no earthly use in striving skywards so fast, since it is only for the woodman's axe they are growing. "We too were young, once upon a time," it is not hard to imagine them admonishing,—“and we too were in a great hurry to grow, and succeeded gloriously too, and yet this is what we have come to!”

But of course the warning is unheeded, as are most warnings of age to youth, whether among trees or among men.

A little further on we reach the cross-roads, which always so strongly stir my imagination, in spite of my knowing exactly where each of the four ways leads, and of having personally convinced myself that there is no sleeping princess at the end of any of them. Even on this wintry day, and robbed of half of their mystery, since under the bare branches the eye can plunge on all sides—they all seem to be wooing me at once. Yet it is towards one alone that I resolutely turn, the one which, in default of a sleeping princess, may possibly lead me to a black cat!

What a wreck of its summer loveliness, when even the light was green under the green vault! Now you seem to be walking through a forest of brown paper, while over everything hangs the smell of decaying leaves. Winter is not yet here, but all is prepared for the entry of the Snow King. The bare trees, stripped ready for the scourge, seem to shiver in apprehension of the icy blasts soon to sweep over them. The last of the broken-backed ferns, of the fainting grass-tufts crouch, trembling, close to the ground. All Nature seems to be holding her breath and waiting. A little respite more and the tyrant will enter, raging, into his kingdom.

In the village, too, which we reach a little way beyond the forest, measures are being taken against the advent of the tyrant. Here, apparently, to judge from the amount of provisions being busily stored, he is regarded chiefly in the light of a besieging enemy, whose object is to starve out the garrison. Potatoes are being strenuously shovelled into holes in the ground, enormous cabbage-heads stored in primitive cellars, while every eave is thickly fringed with the golden maize, drying there in bunches, and mounds of apples are being sorted, mostly by youthful hands.

Before one of the most prosperous-looking of these households the whole party stands still simultaneously, as though forcibly arrested. The same sight has met all our eyes, the same thought traversed all our brains, for, among the apples and the potatoes, the maize and the cabbage, we have caught sight of the very object of our search—the biggest and blackest of cats that we yet remember having seen in this neighbourhood, and with the greenest of eyes that cat ever had.

There is an old woman in the wooden porch of the house busily tying the maize into bunches. Hopefully we approach her, alas! in vain. She is polite and amiable—a Ruthenian peasant who is not polite and amiable is a degenerated specimen of her kind—but she is immovably firm. Nothing will induce her to sell us her cat, on whom, so far as I can follow her arguments, the prosperity of the entire household depends. Without that particular black cat there would be neither maize nor potatoes, it seems, since the mice would eat them all up. As we cannot take the risk of reducing a whole family to starvation, we desist from our persuasive arguments and reluctantly depart, our regrets enhanced by a nearer view of the coveted beast, an enormous tom-cat, who spits and hisses at us in a most satisfactory manner across a heap of cabbages. Not only does its intensely sable hue hold out strong hopes of the invisibility aimed at, but its physical proportions, as well as its temper, seem to mark it out as a possible match even for Krampus. Spat at and hissed at with this height of virtuosity, there is no saying whether the hardened sinner might not yet be cured of his ways.

But the old woman's adamant firmness crushes these dreams in the bud, and accordingly we tramp on; not, however, before she has inquired with kindly curiosity whether we do not find it very chilly to walk about without "anything warm" on our heads. Our tweed caps must appear mere toys, no doubt, to any one used to muffle up her head in several thick woollen shawls. Ruthenian hygienics certainly have their peculiarities. To keep the head cool and the feet warm is the recommendation usually heard in other countries; while here, to judge from comforters and bare feet, the exact reverse seems to be the ideal aimed at. I have often wondered whether this air-tight sort of arrangement of the head is not chiefly responsible for the meagre hair-growth of the average Ruthenian

peasant woman ; that and the rancid grease with which she loves to smear her locks.

Our cat-hunt proceeds, still pursued by failure.

The next person we apply to, a despondent-looking woman, who is feeding a pig with spoilt apples, tells us mournfully that it is no use looking for cats, either black or any other colour, at Lobaki, since the *Pope's* dog has killed them all long ago. This statement, as our own eyesight has lately proved to us, is not to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, being obviously an extreme and pessimistic view of the case ; yet, from this woman's remarks, I gather that the *Pope's* dog, in this particular line of business, seems almost worthy to figure as a rival to our own Krampus. Our informant, to judge from her embittered tone, has evidently suffered personally—or perhaps I should say, by proxy, in the person of her cats—a circumstance which alone would make it impossible to regard her as an impartial observer. Much as we are able to sympathize, we are therefore unable implicitly to believe, and once more hopefully tramp on.

The answers which we get in the next few houses appear almost to bear out the pessimistic peasant's statements ; no cats kept here, either old or young, black or white. But by degrees, as we draw away from the immediate vicinity of the priest's abode, things begin to look more hopeful. One man, having listened to our tale, smiles a somewhat evil-looking smile ; then, having first taken a wary look around, tells some menial to fetch the black kitten, upon which a shrill female voice is heard from out of the hayloft alongside, and what sounds like a torrent of abuse is poured upon his head. It is impossible to follow the conversation, from which we nevertheless gather, in a general way, that the black kitten is the apple of the invisible woman's eye ; while, for her spouse, it appears to answer more correctly to the idea of the thorn in the side. That evil smile is now explained. Unaware of the conjugal presence in the loft alongside, the faithless wretch had no doubt thought to seize so good an opportunity of getting rid of the nuisance. Seeing himself discovered, he appears inclined to make use of the pitchfork, in order to oppose the descent of his better half until the bargain is safely concluded ; perceiving which, we hastily disclaim all desire of possessing the animal, being reluctant to load our consciences with anything so serious as this domestic difference promises to be. The bone of contention has

meanwhile been produced ; and turns out to be far more white than black, a circumstance which greatly tends to lighten our supposed act of renunciation. Off again, therefore, leaving the couple in possession both of the "apple of the eye" and "the thorn in the side."

We had been beating the coverts for nearly an hour, and were beginning to feel almost as despondent as the pessimistic peasant-woman, when, passing by a hut, we heard a shot close by, and saw a crow fall stiffly from the roof. A singularly fine-looking old peasant, with a smoking gun in his hand, met us half-way across the little yard.

"Did you see him fall?" he eagerly inquired. "Perhaps they will leave my maize alone now."

Once more we explained our errand, and were listened to with the deepest interest we had yet encountered.

A black cat? No, he did not possess such an animal himself, but he thought that, given a little time, he could produce the creature. There was no need for us to fatigue our gracious selves by walking about "upon our own feet;" he would be happy and proud, he assured us, to bring to our house the first black cat upon which he could lay hands,—by honest means, of course. And the cat really was to be black? quite black? Well, there was no accounting for tastes. Some people said that all black cats were more or less nearly related to the devil; but, of course, if we had no prejudices in that way——

We assured him that we had none, and once more recommended our case to his kind consideration. His expression, as he towered down upon us from the height of a—for a Ruthenian—rather unusual stature, was a mixture of dignified respectfulness and gentle amusement. His sheepskin coat was in tatters, and his coarse (and not over-clean) linen shirt gaped upon his hairy breast, but, for all that, he was as perfect a model of courtesy as is sometimes hunted for in vain in drawing-rooms. His gaunt frame moved as harmoniously as any amount of training could ever have taught it to move, and his keen, black eyes looked out as steadily from under his shaggy brows, as though he had all his life been accustomed to command, instead of with his own hands tilling the soil. With his aquiline nose and iron-grey locks he was nothing less than a picture.

And he showed himself to be rather more than a picture, too, proving even better than his word. We had been promised the cat before the end of the week; but, in point of fact, we had

not yet reached the end of the village when we heard a discreet cough behind us, and, turning, beheld our picture of a peasant hurrying after us with—yes, actually with a coal-black cat clasped to his broad breast. How he had succeeded in procuring the coveted animal in so miraculously brief a time has always surpassed my comprehension. I have sometimes wondered whether the means which enabled him to accomplish the feat *were* entirely honest; but no—I cannot bring myself to believe that a person who would dress up so perfectly as a Roman Cæsar could stoop to stealing a cat! At any rate, there the beast was, quite black enough to be related to any amount of evil spirits, and glaring at us with eyes as green as emeralds. When it came to the question of price, and the modest sum of one *Krone* (about 10d.) was named, the disconcerting discovery was made that my purse had been left behind. But our grey-locked friend put us at our ease at once by generously giving us credit for the sum until next time we should be passing this way.

Over our triumphal return—for it was a triumphal return of a kind—let me throw a veil, or, more properly speaking, a shawl, since without the help of that useful object wherewith to hamper its movements, it is doubtful whether we would have brought our prize home. This time we certainly had no eyes to see with, and passed alike unheedingly forest and meadow, over which the early dusk was already descending,—all our power of vision being concentrated upon the black demon which, for our sins, we had acquired, and who did what claws and teeth could do to enhance the arduousness of our task. But we succeeded, all the same; and once between walls the demon changed abruptly into a lamb, succumbing before the first saucer of cream that had, presumably, ever been placed under its glistening nose.

A few days later, mindful of our obligations, we turned our steps once more in the direction of Lobaki.

It is quite a different sort of day this time, for in this short space winter has come. A snowfall, followed by a sharp hoarfrost, has transformed the world. The black wood of the other day has turned into a forest of giant white coral. The broad tree-stumps on the clearing might just as well be tombstones, under the uniform covering; and the oak saplings, drooping beneath their snowy load, seem to be weeping-willows mourning over the forest graves.

As we emerge upon a meadow which we had lately seen

dull and dead, we stand still, holding our breath in amazement, for we think we see before us a white sea composed of motionless white waves. Every single blade of grass, every stalk of every dead flower, every twig of every bush is so beautifully laden with the fresh flakes, that under its own weight it bends in marvellous curves, its thickness fantastically enhanced by the stiff ice-needles. Stems as fine as threads have been magnified to the thickness of cords; insignificant blades have widened to ribbons. The heads of dead hemlock have swelled into fairy umbrellas, those of clover turned into glistening balls, while every joint is tufted with what looks like newly-plucked feathers. Arches on all sides, high ones and low ones, sharp ones and blunt ones, crossing and recrossing in a wonderful pattern of curves; flower-heads touching the ground under a burden greater far than it has been at the height of the flower season. And all these waves,—amongst which here and there a twig, strong enough to resist, breaks the curves with its rebellious perpendicular—frozen into the immobility of death,—as it were a tumbled sea which by some magic wand has been arrested at the height of its tumult. Neither a breath of wind nor a ray of sunshine; against neither could this white fretwork hold its own.

There were no crows sitting on the roof this time, neither did our grey-locked friend meet us in the yard. In passing by one of the low windows of the hut, we were astonished to see an ink-bottle and a penholder lying upon the sill, also to catch sight of a regular *bourgeois* coat hanging upon a nail. It seemed as certain that the penholder and the coat had some connection with each other, as that neither could by any possibility have anything to do with a Ruthenian peasant. Our surprise increased when, in answer to our summons, a young man in unmistakably "European" garments appeared upon the threshold, and in excellent German inquired after my desires. His appearance in this hut was so unexpected as to fill me with distrust. A broken-down student hiding from his creditors was the only thing I could imagine him to be, and promptly resolved not to trust him with the *Krone* which I carried in my pocket. Accordingly I somewhat distantly explained that my business was with the possessor of the hut, who had procured me a cat, but that, since there was no hurry about it, I should return some other day when he was at home. Indeed, this being a market-day, I might have guessed that my errand



would prove bootless. The young man, as he listened, looked quite as surprised as I can have looked on first perceiving him, and also, as it struck me, not over pleased; but he made no remark as he politely escorted me to the gate, along the narrow path that had been cleared in the snow.

It was a few days later that I succeeded at last in discharging my debt, and at the same time made an interesting discovery; for when, moved by curiosity, I asked the old man who was the *pan* (gentleman) who lodged in his hut, the unexpected answer was: "He is my son."

It was said, not with pride, but with a deep, deep sigh that sounded like regret, and in surprise I questioned further. In spite of my imperfect knowledge of Ruthenian there could be no doubt about the main fact of the case. The young man with the decent black coat and the excellent German accent was the son of the old man in the sheep-skin garment and with the toil-worn hands. *His* hands would never be toil-worn, no doubt, though they might get ink-stained, since he was doing a lawyer's business in Vienna. The money which had paid for his studies had come out of the maize and potato-fields which lay around the hut, and where as a boy he had doubtless borne his share of the toil, but it was unthinkable that he should ever again lay down the pen in order to take up the hoe. The old, grey-locked father seemed to think so himself, although it was exactly in this inability to change himself back into the peasant that he had once been, that lay the knot of the family drama whose existence was not hard to guess. For there had been a second son, the one who was destined to take over the rustic patrimony, but who had lately died suddenly in the pride of his youth. His death had placed his aged parents in a sad dilemma; for here they now stood with their land upon their hands, and no one to help them to till it, no one even to leave it to, since the lawyer son would have no use for it except to turn it into money.

It was a story to set one puzzling over various questions, such, for instance, as the unconditional benefits of education for an agricultural populace. The old man told it us without complaining, with that resigned and dignified sadness which is characteristic of the Ruthenian—shaking his iron-grey locks as he spoke. He was evidently far sorer for having lost his son in the big town—and indeed he was well-nigh as lost to him as the one who was dead—than he was proud of his achievements



there. Whether he admired him or not I do not know ; but clearly, and for all his majestic presence, he was afraid of the man in the black coat. This came out when he gently reproached me with having betrayed him to his son in the affair of the cat. Now only, I learnt that the little transaction was to have been kept a dead secret, for fear of the filial displeasure which, owing to my imprudence, had actually fallen upon his head. The very first words he had heard upon his return from market had been words of reproachful upbraiding. Was it fitting that the father of a lawyer with an office in Vienna should make himself as cheap as this—turning himself into a “cat-agent,” as the occupation was scornfully defined ? What the poor humbled father said in his defence I do not know, but his look was eloquent enough to make me bitterly regret my mistake ; and eloquent, too, was the furtive gesture with which he took the proffered *Krone*, glancing over his shoulder the while, to assure himself that his lawyer son was nowhere near.

One word more as to the black animal which was the instrument of my introduction to the “cat agent.” Her beauty—of the most correctly sinister order—was indisputable ; but as to proving a worthy successor of Kotka—well, not to put too fine a point upon it, she was a failure. Cream was her one idea in life, just as mice had been the one idea of the unforgettable white cat. She loved to loll upon drawing-room cushions far more than to prowl about garrets. In one word, she knew herself to be so ornamental that she evidently considered herself absolved from being useful.

But peace to her ashes ! for it is sad to record that she has gone the way of the others. Although she survived longer than most of her predecessors—longer even than the “crooked beauty”—not even her sable hue could in the end avert the fate of all cats doomed to serve under the same masters as Krampus.

DOROTHEA GERARD  
(MDME. LONGARD DE LONGGARDE).

### *The Athanasian Creed.*

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THE founders of Protestantism felt no difficulties over the Athanasian Creed. They had not as yet departed far enough from orthodoxy to question the doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation, and they were too convinced that all dissentients from their own narrow creeds were on the road to perdition to see anything amiss in its "damnatory clauses." Hence they recognized its authority, and most of them admitted it in express terms into their Confessions of Faith; whilst Luther spoke of it as "the firm bulwark of the Apostles' Creed," and Calvin as "the sure and fitting interpreter of the Nicene Creed." But it is with our own country that we are now concerned, and here it was admitted into the two Prayer Books of Edward VI.—that of 1549 enjoining in the prefatory Rubric, that "on the feasts of Christmas, the Epiphany, Easter, the Ascension, Pentecost, and upon Trinity Sunday, shall be sung or said at Morning Prayer, immediately after the *Benedictus*, this Confession of our Christian Faith;" and the other, that of 1552, enlarging this list of days by including in it the "feasts of St. Matthias, St. John the Baptist, St. James, St. Bartholomew, St. Matthew, SS. Simon and Jude, and St. Andrew." In 1662 two short clauses were inserted in the Rubric of 1552, one sanctioning in express terms the omission, which apparently custom had already established, of the Apostles' Creed when that of St. Athanasius was recited; and the other—which ran thus, "commonly called the Creed of St. Athanasius"—added in deference to the then recent demonstration by Voss and others that St. Athanasius could not have been its real author. In all other respects the Creed with the Rubric of 1552 still holds its place in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer.

As in pre-Reformation times it was the custom, in England, to recite this Creed every day in the Office of Prime, the change made by Cranmer and his fellow remodellers of the service-books was in the way of limitation. Still, as priests then as now usually said their Office in private, and as even when it was said in choir comparatively few of the laity attended, the

ultimate effect of the change, especially as it included also a translation of the Creed from Latin to the English, was to draw attention more widely and more steadily to the character of its contents. Under the abiding influence of this revised usage it was to be expected that, as the solvent of private judgment brought more and more into view the spectacle of a divided Christendom, and the admirers of this solvent came in consequence to think more and more leniently of dogmatic error, there should have resulted a growing distaste for a formula which denounces in uncompromising terms the sin of heresy. And so in fact it has happened. As early as the second quarter of the seventeenth century we find Jeremy Taylor writing: "If I should be questioned concerning the Symbol of Athanasius . . . I confess I cannot see that moderate sentence and gentleness of charity in his preface as there was in the Nicene Creed. Nothing there but damnation and perishing everlastingly, unless the article of the Trinity be believed, as it is there with curiosity and minute particularities explained;" and towards the end of that century we have Archbishop Tillotson saying, "The account given of St. Athanasius' Creed appears to me in no way satisfactory, [and] I wish we were well rid of it."<sup>1</sup> It is not to be supposed that these dignitaries spoke for themselves alone; and that the feeling they expressed was that of a considerable party may be gathered from the Report of the Royal Commission of 1689—for, according to Dr. Nicolls,<sup>2</sup> one of their conclusions was that "the Creed, which is commonly attributed to St. Athanasius, inasmuch as it is censured by many on account of its condemnation of all who dissent from its teaching, should be left to the discretion of the minister who may change it for the Creed of the Apostles." As the general object of this Commission, in which Tillotson was the ruling spirit, was to entice the Nonconformists into the Anglican fold by certain changes in its rites and formularies, and as this design was intensely displeasing to the majority of the Lower House of the Convocation which followed, nothing came of the above or any other of the proposals of the Commissioners, the King interposing by a premature prorogation.

Still, although no legal change was made, the fact that this idea had been deliberately entertained by their leading dignitaries and Court favourites—one of whom, namely Tillotson himself, so

<sup>1</sup> See Burnet's *Life of Archbishop Tillotson*.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Cardwell's *History of Conferences on the Book of Common Prayer*, p. 432.

soon after became Archbishop of Canterbury—must have quickened the tendency to omit the Athanasian Creed, which from that time, if not earlier, began to set in.

From the close of the seventeenth century [writes Dean Stanley<sup>1</sup>] there can be no doubt that it has been frequently omitted in the Church service. Its unfitness for such use was so generally felt that (according to Tillotson's famous expression of "charity above the rubrics") the rubric was neglected and charity prevailed. Excellent laymen have been known to shut the Prayer Book the moment the Creed began. George III., on one occasion in the Chapel Royal, is said to have closed the book with such emphasis that for many years the Creed was omitted. The late Bishop Blomfield, on coming to the parish of Bishopsgate, finding that it had not been read there within the memory of man, did not revive the use; and it thus happened that he passed through his clerical life without having publicly recited it. We have been told by a venerable dignitary, now [that is, in 1872] advanced in years, that when he first took Orders, more than fifty years ago in a western diocese, the Creed seemed to be fast dying out. It was not used in the churches of the diocese besides the Cathedral, and he himself never had occasion to join in it. Another curious illustration of the same fact occurs in a midland town, where in 1761 a benefaction was left to those of the churches "where the Athanasian Creed was recited," an evident indication that the eccentric donor hoped by this means to secure the continuance of a perishing usage.

Dean Stanley would have liked to see this (to him) happy irregularity continue and spread, till it had effected a quiet abolition of the practice which he and his friends held to be so scandalous. But the almost simultaneous rise of the two Oxford parties, that associated with the names of Newman and Pusey, and that of which he was himself so conspicuous a member, made it impossible for any such result to be attained save through the struggles of a sharp conflict. And it was such a conflict that broke out at the beginning of the seventies. The present Archbishop of Canterbury has given us a full account of it in his *Life of Archbishop Tait*. A Royal Commission had been appointed to inquire into the Rubrics and Ritual of the Church, and see if any modifications were needed. It was with a view to the spread of Ritualism that it had been appointed, but when the Commissioners got to work, they decided that the question of the Athanasian Creed came within their purview. Several proposals were laid before them. Should its recitation be discontinued or rendered merely per-

<sup>1</sup> *The Athanasian Creed*, p. 39.

missive? should the objectionable clauses be excised from it, or modified by a retranslation? or should it be retained and used just as it was, but with a note added, to explain that the clauses objected to amounted merely to a solemn warning of the peril of wilfully rejecting the Catholic Faith? From the Royal Commission the discussion passed on to Convocation, and engaged the anxious consideration of Archbishop Tait. He had no personal difficulties about the doctrinal statements in this Creed, but people told him of their intense dislike to hear statements so awful as those of the damnatory clauses solemnly pronounced by ministers and people, none of whom, it was well understood, believed them in their literal and grammatical sense. And besides, the young candidates for the ministry were increasingly found to shrink from ordination, simply because their consciences revolted against subscribing to a practice which seemed to them uncharitable. Archbishop Tait sympathized with both these classes of complainants, and his own preference was for the disuse altogether of the formula as a Creed for public recitation, though he would retain it, along with the Articles, as "a valuable and most important doctrinal statement." It turned out that many, both of the clergy and laity, were prepared to support him in this proposal. A deputation, including a dozen or so of the leading evangelical divines, and a very large deputation of laymen headed by Lord Shaftesbury were among this number, as were also the Cambridge Professors of Divinity. But it turned out that Convocation, though prepared for some change, was not prepared for one of so drastic a character. They dallied hesitatingly amidst the other proposals, and meanwhile Dr. Pusey and Dr. Liddon, while reluctantly agreeing to the idea of an explanatory rubric, declared that if anything further were done, such as to abolish the use of the Creed or make it permissive, and still more if its text were mutilated, they would feel it their duty to resign their preferments and retire from ministerial work. As they were likely to have followers in so doing the Archbishop, fearing to see such a breach in his Church, sorrowfully withdrew from his advocacy of the more radical proposals, and the ultimate outcome of the controversy at that time was a Declaration on the part of the Convocation of 1873, a Declaration which, though somewhat ponderous and not altogether felicitous in its form, was perhaps, in kind, the best solution possible under the circumstances.

. . . This Synod doth solemnly declare: (1) that the Creed of St. Athanasius doth not make any additions to the faith as contained in Holy Scripture, but warneth against errors which from time to time have arisen in the Church.

(2) That as Holy Scripture in divers places doth promise life to them that believe, and declares the condemnation of them that believe not, so doth the Church in this Confession declare the necessity for all who would be in a state of salvation of holding fast the Catholic faith, and the great peril of rejecting the same. . . . Moreover, the Church does not herein pronounce judgment on any particular person or persons, God alone being judge of all.

There was, however, this defect in the expedient of a Declaration by Convocation, that it was not calculated to come under the eyes of the laity whose consciences were afflicted. True it was possible for the Anglican clergy to call the attention of their congregations to its meaning and significance, but it was not the policy of the rationalizing clergy to do this, or to encourage the laity to be content with anything short of the entire exclusion of the Athanasian Creed from public prayers. And, as a matter of fact, the idea that was pressed upon the public was that the Declaration was inconsistent with the wording of the Creed, whereas it was the latter not the former they were called upon to recite. The consequence was that the Declaration remained a dead letter. Meanwhile the dissatisfaction with the Creed kept on intensifying and spreading, until the demand for some legal relief broke out afresh in the early part of the present year. Almost the same succession of incidents has occurred within the last few months as occurred thirty years ago. The practice has become frequent for one section of the congregation to sit down by way of protest while the Creed is being recited by others. The subject has been brought forward in both Convocations, and in each a general disposition has been manifested to do something further for the relief of consciences. The same alternative proposals have been considered—omission enjoined or permitted, retranslation, excision of clauses, explanatory rubric—but again there has been the same pronounced diversity of opinion as to which alternative should be preferred. Again the Archbishop of Canterbury has been approached by rival deputations, composed of the most earnest and influential people, one protesting strongly against admitting anything more drastic than an explanatory rubric, and the other protesting with equal strength against



admitting anything less drastic than the downright exclusion of the Creed from the public services ; and again the Archbishop of Canterbury has declared his sympathy with the stronger measure. In one respect, on the other hand, there is a noticeable difference between the conflicts of 1870-3 and the conflict of the present year. Then the High Church party was united in a resolute opposition to all change ; now it is precisely the leaders of the High Church party—men like the Bishops of Worcester and Bristol—who have started the movement for change, professing with the same breath their own personal love and admiration for the Athanasian Creed, and their belief that in deference to the feelings of those who dislike hearing it, it ought not to be publicly recited.

We, though standing outside the Anglican communion, cannot but watch with deep interest this struggle for the retention and abolition of a Creed the special merit of which is that it gives so clear and decided a statement of the two most fundamental articles of the Catholic Faith. Our chief sympathies are necessarily with those who are fighting to retain it, but we cannot help feeling that the motives of those who are fighting for a change are quite natural and worthy of respect. In fact the situation is nothing less than a deadlock—a deadlock which was bound to come sooner or later in a Church in which the principle of unlimited private judgment and the principle of Church authority have each its convinced and resolute adherents. To leave out of account the downright rationalizers who simply disbelieve in the two doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation, it is quite intelligible that there should be a much larger number, who when called upon to recite the Creed in question, feel that they really do not sufficiently understand all the delicately balanced antithetical sentences which it contains, and are unable conscientiously to make a public profession of their truth ; and a number larger still who, though troubled by no doubts of their own as to the doctrinal points, feel that they would be acting most uncharitably, and most insincerely, if they were to declare, as the Creed seems to them to require, that the disbelief and hesitation of the others amounts to an offence meriting the punishment of eternal damnation. Nor, again, is it unintelligible that a fourth class, who both believe the doctrine of the Creed, and find nothing unreasonable in its damnnatory clauses (rightly understood), should, when they see

congregations in part or in whole recording silent protests—by demonstratively shutting their prayer-books during its recitation, or getting up to leave the church—say “anything to prevent this scandal,” and should contend with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Worcester and Bristol, and others, for the retention of the Creed in the Prayer Book, but for the discontinuance of its public recitation.

Still it is none the less intelligible that the party who, believing in a divine revelation made by Jesus Christ, and entrusted to His Church to preserve and preach through the ages, should feel that the real underlying significance of the movement for change, and the practical outcome in which it is bound to issue, is the removal of the two basal doctrines of the Christian Faith from the list of Anglican *credenda*. Retranslation from the Latin is out of the question, there being nothing of vital consequence amiss in their present translation. The insertion of an explanatory rubric, if to the minds of the more orthodox party free from serious objection, could not be carried out without the sanction of Parliament—which, if the question were referred to it, would probably not consent to this, and would perhaps prescribe something worse. The excision of the damnatory clauses, which Parliament would be likely to sanction with the greatest readiness, would be tantamount to acknowledging, as Canon Newbolt truly said, that “the Creed should be no longer regarded as expressions of dogmatic fact, but simply as expressions of opinion.”<sup>1</sup> And disuse in the public prayers—or permission to disuse, which in practice would be sure under pressure from the objectors to result in general disuse—would have a practical result not very different from that of a formal repudiation. “If,” said Mr. G. W. E. Russell on the same occasion, quoting some former words of Lord Salisbury, “you put that Creed into the lumber-room you may not deny it in terms, and may profess that you believe every word of it; but you put an affront on it, and the effect on men’s minds will be irresistible.” And the more irresistible if the change is made at the present moment, because, as was pointed out to the Archbishop by Canon Newbolt’s deputation, it will have been made just at the time when disbelief in these fundamental doctrines has been recently professed by some Anglican clergy of position, without the Bishops having felt moved to take any public action to check them.

<sup>1</sup> In his speech at the Deputation to the Archbishop of Canterbury on July 12, 1904. See *Church Times*, July 14, 1904.

But let us now pass on to consider this Creed in itself, its history and antiquity. We cannot, indeed, enter into all the details of a subject which is full of intricacies, but we may be able to say enough to enable a reader to form a judgment on these two points. From the ninth to the seventeenth century the Creed *Quicumque* was universally believed to come from the hand of the great Saint whose name still cleaves to it. But Gerard Voss, in his treatise *De tribus Symbolis*, published in 1644, exploded this opinion so effectually that it has now no longer any adherents. His arguments are too complicated to be repeated here, but at least it will be felt at once that had St. Athanasius been its author the original text would have been in Greek, which is not the case. Nor can it be determined now with any certainty who its real author was, though several conjectures of more or less probability have been made. The more important question is, however, as to the date and the influences under which it originated, and on this point the Anglican controversies of the last thirty years have thrown much light.

In 1872, the late Mr. E. S. Ffoulkes claimed to have proved to demonstration that the Creed was composed about the year 800 by the Patriarch Paulinus of Aquileia, and that its ascription to St. Athanasius was a deliberate fraud on the part of the Emperor Charlemagne, which he perpetrated with the connivance of the Anglo-Saxon scholar Alcuin. The Emperor's motive for so strange a fraud, contended Mr. Ffoulkes, was political. The better to consolidate his Western Empire he desired to see a religious as well as a political separation between East and West, and was even anxious to provoke a schism. And he conceived that it would help towards this object, if he could draw off the Westerns from the use of the Nicene Creed, by palming off upon them another and fuller creed of the West, recommended by no less venerable an authority than that of St. Athanasius; it would help him too in his endeavour to force a *Filioque* clause on the Church. It is not necessary to say more on this *bizarre* theory, for which Mr. Ffoulkes brings forward no other proof than a misunderstanding of the reference of certain words of Alcuin<sup>1</sup> in a letter to Paulinus. It is a theory inconsistent with the known character of the three men whom it accuses of the crime, inconsistent

<sup>1</sup> For a discussion of this theory see Father Jones's article on "The Athanasian Creed" in THE MONTH for July, 1872.

with the known and successful efforts of Charlemagne to promote not schism but union between East and West, inconsistent again with the existence of MSS. of an earlier date referring to and even giving the text of the Creed in question; nor has Mr. Ffoulkes been successful in getting his theory accepted by the scholars on either side who have written subsequently to himself. Yet, apart from some such hypothesis, the literature of the age of Charlemagne is sufficient evidence that the origin of the Creed must be referred back much further. For we have unquestionable evidence that in Charlemagne's days it was deemed of such importance that the clergy were obliged to learn it by heart along with the Nicene Creed and the *Pater noster*, that it was ordinarily found in Psalters along with the Psalms of David, and that it was commonly attributed to St. Athanasius. The natural inference from such facts as these is that by the beginning of the ninth century it must have had an antiquity of a century and more, to say the least. For a discussion of the external evidence for its existence in still earlier times we must refer the reader to Prebendary Ommaney's careful treatise,<sup>1</sup> the best on the subject which has so far appeared. We may refer, however, to the *Expositio Fidei Fortunati*. This document is an exposition of the Creed, which reads somewhat like a pastoral letter, and implies a date earlier than its own for the Creed expounded. What, then, was the date of this *Expositio*? If it was by Fortunatus Venantius, as many writers contend, it belongs to the latter half of the sixth century, for Fortunatus Venantius was Bishop of Poitiers at that time. And if, as Mr. Ommaney is inclined to think, it is not by that prelate, it may still be possible to infer its date from a sentence in it in which the author says, *in sexto millenario in quo nunc sumus* ("in the sixth millenium in which we now are"). By the "sixth millenium" he means, of course, the sixth millenium since the Creation. Had he reckoned by the chronology known as Ussher's, he must have said "in the fifth," as he certainly wrote long before the completion of the year 1000 A.D. If he followed the LXX. chronology which placed the Christian era in A.M. 5509, he must have written before the year 470: but if, as is probable, he followed the chronology of Eusebius according to which the Christian era was in 5200 A.M. he must have written before 800 A.D. indeed a good deal earlier, as otherwise he would

<sup>1</sup> *History and Structure of the Athanasian Creed.*

rather have said "in the sixth millenium the end of which we are just approaching," or something similar.

This is, perhaps, as far back as the external evidence will carry us, but the internal evidence seems to carry us back as far as the fifth century. In the first place it is very noticeable how closely the language of the Creed corresponds with the language of St. Augustine in his treatises on the Trinity.

Waterland<sup>1</sup> has arranged these correspondences in parallel columns, from which it may be seen that out of the forty clauses of the Creed, not more than two or three are without correspondences in St. Augustine's writings. From this table we may take the following instances :

CREED.	ST. AUGUSTINE.
v. 4. Neque confundentes personas neque substantiam separantes.	Et hæc omnia nec confuse unum sunt, nec disjuncte tria sunt.
v. 5. Alia est enim persona Patris, alia Filii, alia Spiritus Sancti.	Tres personas expressas sub proprietate distinguimus aliam Patris, aliam Filii, aliam Spiritus Sancti personam.
v. 6. Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti una est divinitas, æqualis gloria, coæterna majestas.	Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti unam virtutem, unam substantiam, unam Deitatem, unam Majestatem, unam gloriam.
v. 7. Qualis Pater, talis Filius, talis Spiritus Sanctus.	Qualis est Pater secundum substantiam talem genuit Filium, et Spiritus Sanctus est ejusdem et ipse substantiæ cum Patre et Filio.
v. 9. Immensus Pater, immensus Filius, immensus Spiritus Sanctus.	Magnus Pater, magnus Filius, magnus Spiritus Sanctus.
v. 10. Æternus Pater, æternus Filius, æternus Spiritus Sanctus.	Æternus Pater, coæternus Filius, coæternus Spiritus Sanctus.
v. 12. Sicut non tres increati nec tres immensi, sed unus increatus et unus immensus.	Nec tamen tres magni, sed unus magnus.
v. 13. Similiter omnipotens Pater, omnipotens Filius, omnipotens Spiritus Sanctus.	Itaque omnipotens Pater, omnipotens Filius, omnipotens Spiritus Sanctus.
v. 14. Et tamen non tres omnipotentes, sed unus omnipotens.	Nec tamen tres omnipotentes sed unus omnipotens.
v. 15. Ita Deus Pater, Deus Filius, Deus et Spiritus Sanctus.	Deus Pater, Deus Filius, Deus Spiritus Sanctus.
v. 16. Et tamen non tres Dii sed unus Deus.	Nec tamen tres Dii . . . sed unus Deus.
v. 17. Ita Dominus Pater, Dominus Filius, Dominus et Spiritus Sanctus.	Sic et Dominum si quæras, singulum quemque respondeo.

<sup>1</sup> *Critical History of the Athanasian Creed*, pp. 228, &c.

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|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| v. 18. Et tamen non tres Domini sed unus est Dominus.                                                               | Sed simul omnes non tres Dominos Deos, sed unum Dominum Deum dico.                                             |
| v. 20. Pater a nullo est factus, nec creatus nec genitus.                                                           | Dicimus Patrem Deum de nullo.                                                                                  |
| v. 21. Filius a Patre solo est, non factus nec creatus, sed genitus.                                                | Filius Patris solius. Hunc quippe de substantia sua genuit.                                                    |
| v. 23. Unus ergo Pater non tres Patres; unus Filius non tres Filii; unus Spiritus Sanctus non tres Spiritus Sancti. | Unus est Pater, non duo aut tres; et unus Filius non duo aut tres; et unus amborum Spiritus, non duo aut tres. |
| v. 29. Deus est ex substantia Patris ante sæcula Genitus: Homo ex substantia Matris in sæculo natus.                | Deus ante omnia sæcula: homo in nostro sæculo . . . unus Dei Filius, idemque hominis Filius.                   |
| v. 31. Æqualis Patri secundum divinitatem; minor Patre secundum humanitatem.                                        | Æqualem Patri secundum divinitatem minorem autem Patre secundum carnem, hoc est secundum hominem.              |
| v. 33. Unus autem non conversione divinitatis in carnem, sed assumptione humanitatis in Deum.                       | Verbum caro factum est, a Divinitate carne suscepta, non in carnem Divinitate mutata.                          |
| v. 34. Unus omnino, non confusione substantiæ sed unitate personæ.                                                  | Idem Deus qui homo, et qui Deus idem homo; non confusione naturæ sed unitate personæ.                          |
| v. 35. Nam sicut anima rationalis et caro unus est homo; ita Deus et homo unus est Christus.                        | Sicut enim unus est homo anima rationalis et caro; sic unus est Christus, Deus et homo.                        |

It does not follow from these parallelisms of thought and expression that St. Augustine was the author of the Creed, nor is that at all likely, for were it the composition of a writer of such authority it is inconceivable that it should never have borne his name. Nor—and this is also a decisive argument against Athanasius being the author of the Creed—is it likely that St. Augustine in these passages was quoting from the Creed; for, in that case, he would surely have given us some indication of the fact. Besides, the style of the Creed, which is so much more incisive and methodical, marks a later stage of mental elaboration than the corresponding passages of St. Augustine. It remains, then, since it is impossible to suppose so pronounced and multiform a resemblance to be entirely accidental, that the writer of the Creed took the mould of his thought from St. Augustine and was influenced by his writings at least to that extent. We must not,



indeed, conclude from this alone that the writer lived in an age quite near to that of the Saint; but the fact that the writers of the school of Lerins who did flourish in his time are known to have fallen under the influence of his works, suggests that we should examine their writings and see if we can find in them any further and possibly fuller parallelism with the language of the Creed. And this has been done by Mr. Ommanney with very striking results as regards the works of St. Vincent of Lerins. Thus, we have to set against v. 3 of the Creed, "*Ecclesia Catholica . . . unum Deum in Trinitatis plenitudine et item Trinitatis aqualitatem in una eademque divinitate veneratur; ut neque singularitas substantiæ personarum confundat proprietatem neque item Trinitatis distinctio unitatem separet Deitatis;*" and against v. 29, "*In uno eodemque Christo duæ substantiæ sunt; sed, . . . una ex Patre Deo altera ex matre Virgine, . . . una consubstantialis Patri altera consubstantialis matri;*" and against verse 35, "*Altera substantia divinitatis altera humanitatis; sed tamen deitas et humanitas non alter et alter, sed unus idemque Christus, . . . sicut in homine aliud caro et aliud anima, sed unus idemque homo anima et caro.*" Again it does not follow that St. Vincent was the author we are seeking or that the Creed was written in his time. Still it does look as if we were on the traces of its origins; and it is at least in favour of their belonging to this period, that the Creed seems to spring fresh and glowing out of an age when its ideas and formulas were cherished and familiar war-cries.

And another line of argument tends to confirm this inference. For it has been noticed since the time of Waterland, that it contains certain expressions which a writer subsequent to the Council of Chalcedon (451) would have been most unlikely to employ, and omits certain expressions which such a writer would have been most unlikely to omit. Thus, in v. 35, the Creed has "*Sicut anima rationalis et caro unus est homo, ita Deus et homo unus est Christus.*" This comparison was frequently used by St. Cyril of Alexandria, St. Augustine, St. Vincent of Lerins, and others, to illustrate the unity of person in Christ, as against the heresy of the Nestorians; but when, a quarter of a century later, Monophysitism arose, and its adherents maintained that as our Lord was a single person so He had only a single nature, they caught at St. Cyril's comparison of the union between Body and Soul, and applied it to illustrate

their own heresy. From that time forward the comparison was dropped by the Catholics ; or if used, not used without careful explanation. Again, the phrase, "Non conversione Divinitatis in carnem sed assumptione humanitatis in Deum," was most appropriate as against the Apollinarians, who held precisely that in Christ the Godhead was converted into flesh. But the Monophysites would have claimed the phrase *assumptione humanitatis in Deum*, as just their meaning—their contention being that the divine nature took the human nature and fused it into one with itself. On the other hand, the Monophysite controversy brought to the front the formula, "two natures and one person," the Monophysites contending, as has just been explained, that there was in Christ but one nature, though formed out of two ; and the Catholics expressing the orthodox doctrine in the formula "two natures distinct and unconfused in one person." Hence in all Creeds and doctrinal explanations subsequent to Chalcedon this expression holds an emphatic place ; and it is difficult to understand how the Athanasian Creed can have omitted it unless it was written before that time.

There are yet other expressions in the Athanasian Creed to which appeal has been made as associating its composition with a date previous to the middle of the fifth century. These may be seen in Waterland and in a more developed form in Ommaney, but the instances just given may suffice to indicate the character and value of the internal evidence which, combining with the external evidence that has been noticed, may be held to constitute at least a probability that the symbol is no mere production of an age like that of Charlemagne when neither learning nor theology was at its best, but comes down to us clothed with the authority of an age illustrious for the talent and discernment with which it vindicated for all subsequent ages the important doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation. There is, moreover, one further point connected with the history of the Creed which must not be left unnoticed as it tends to confirm the conclusion just stated. Suppose that the Creed comes to us from the fifth century or thereabouts—who could have been its author? Waterland suggested St. Hilary of Arles who belonged to the school of Lerins, and flourished at that time ; Mr. Ommaney thinks it probable that it was St. Vincent himself, and other names have also been guessed. But may it not rather be that the author was one whose name has not come down to

us? An objection has been made against all theories which assign to the Creed so high an antiquity, that they are inconsistent with the undoubted fact that no references to its authorship, and not many to its existence, are to be found in the literature either of that age itself or of the ages next succeeding it. The force of this objection cannot be denied if we assign the Creed to any writer whose name carried with it the recommendation of a world-wide reputation. But let us only suppose that the real author was some local Bishop—or the theologian employed by some local Bishop—and that it was composed in the first instance for purely local use in some district of southern France—then does not the difficulty disappear, and are not the facts of its silent and gradual adoption suitably explained? Not coming from an author of wide reputation, it would not at first have attracted much attention and would have been used only in the locality of its origin; from there its use would have spread to neighbouring districts; as it got more known it would have been more widely adopted, and the compactness and lucidity of its statements and the enthusiasm-inspiring character of its style would have contributed to make it highly prized wherever it was known. Then would come speculation as to its authorship, and what wonder if in uncritical times an Athanasian authorship was first guessed, then confidently affirmed and believed?

A dogmatic formula which comes to us with the three-fold sanction of its long-established acceptance and use in the Church; of its presumable origin in the age of the great Patristic theologians; and of its own intrinsic merit as a sound, lucid, and powerful statement of the two dogmas in question—such a formula must always be retained and held in high esteem by us in the Catholic Church, and likewise by all others who are at one with us to this extent in their beliefs. But is it a suitable formula for public recitation? In these Anglican controversies it has been maintained that it is not, by what we may call the intermediary party, the party which professes its own firm belief in the doctrines of the Athanasian Creed, but would relegate it to a position similar to that of the Thirty-Nine Articles, and put an end to the public recitation which excites so much undesirable protest. Thus, Bishop Welldon, in his *Nineteenth Century* article,<sup>1</sup> speaks of it as follows:

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, for July, 1904.

The Creed is not, as it has been called in an angry pamphlet, "the curse of Christendom." But it is unfitted for use in the public services of the Church. It is as little suited for public recitation as the Articles themselves. It is a scholar's Creed; it demands a learning, a thoughtfulness, an historical spirit, which cannot be presumed in congregations including a great variety of men and women, educated and uneducated, and boys and girls and little children. The language employed in public worship should always bear its meaning on its face. . . . A document which requires to be explained away as often as it is used is sure to be a source of distress and irritation rather than of spiritual benefit. . . . [This Creed] is suited for the study and not for the Church. It creates a false impression, and an impression which grows falser year by year. It inculcates, or seems to inculcate, a perverted view of the consequences attaching to Christian faith and Christian duty. It differs widely in letter and spirit from the simplicity of the Gospel. To quote the words with which the late Professor Swainson ends his treatise upon the Nicene and Apostles' Creeds: "The dogmas of the Athanasian Creed are for the scientific theologian; the Bible revelation of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, for every Christian."

It is sometimes added, as tending to support this opinion of the Athanasian Creed, that the Roman Church shares it, and accordingly enjoins its recitation only on her clergy. And it is true that, the place assigned to this Creed being in the Sunday Office of Prime which is not said publicly—save in a few Cathedrals and monastic churches—our laity are seldom invited to join in its recitation, and are not very familiar with its text; which, however, is mostly to be found in Catholic manuals and such prayer-books as *The Garden of the Soul* and the *Paroissien*. Still, it must not be supposed that in sanctioning or rather submitting to the disuse of the public recitation of the Divine Office the Church has been actuated by any such motive as is thus attributed to her. She submits to the disuse, because now-a-days few people can attend more than one morning service, and of the two she would rather have her children attend Mass than any other service. But whilst we may assume that she fully recognizes the impropriety of requiring her laity to recite words they cannot be supposed to understand, there is no reason to suppose that she takes that view of the Athanasian Creed. This Creed is in fact by no means so abstruse or technical as those who think with Bishop Welldon suppose, nor is it such as an ordinary Sunday morning congregation is incapable of readily understanding, at all events with the aid of a few simple pulpit explanations. To leave

over for the present the so-called Damnatory Clauses, it may be said of the remainder of the Creed that though it includes some points which the Nicene Creed omits, it is in its mode of presenting its dogmas not less but more intelligible, to minds untrained in technical theology, than the latter. Compare for instance the different ways in which the two present the idea of the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father. Indeed, it might not unreasonably be called an easy and popular statement of the two doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation, as against the subtle heresies which if left unchallenged would undermine and destroy these doctrines, and which certainly are not kept by their advocates from the knowledge of untrained Christians.

The reader may note that the Creed throughout makes no attempt to explain the "how," but is exclusively occupied in stating the "what." Fathers and Theologians have endeavoured to explain to themselves how articles of belief so apparently irreconcilable can nevertheless be redeemed from the charge of absolute incompatibility, and in so doing have run into many abstruse and subtle theories. But there is nothing of all this in the Creed. It merely takes, as it were from the Catechism, the simplest statement of what the dogmas are—namely, that there are three Persons in one God, and that Jesus Christ is God and Man; and then, by a skilful succession of striking antithetic clauses, it states and re-states these two original propositions, so as to emphasize in turn each of the various evasions by which, if adopted, their plain though mysterious sense would be destroyed. As has been said, a little simple pulpit explanation would suffice to enable any ordinarily educated layman to understand what is meant, and even to see the essential connection of each clause with the fundamental dogmatic statement: after which he would be left face to face with the two dogmas themselves and a clear understanding of what he is called upon to believe in regard to them. Of course the Creed cannot aid him, and does not pretend to aid him in proving to himself the truth of the two dogmas, but if he is prepared to accept them on the authority of the Christian revelation, it is an advantage to him to be told so clearly what it is he is accepting. On the other hand, if he is not prepared to accept on the authority of any revelation whatever dogmas which he cannot reconcile with his own human reasonings—and this is doubtless the case with so many of the Anglican protesters against this Creed—then naturally

it is an offence to him to have so clear and decided a statement of their meaning flouted in his face. In other words, as some of the orthodox Anglican writers have very justly pointed out, the real objection of these protesters against the public recitation of the Athanasian Creed is not that it is too abstruse for the people to understand, but that it is too clear for the people to misunderstand.

And as to the "Damnatory Clauses." These are the clauses declaring that belief in the Catholic Faith as expounded in the Athanasian Creed must be rendered under peril of salvation :

v. 1. Whosoever will be saved before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic Faith.

v. 2. Which Faith except a man keep whole and undefiled without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.

And similarly vv. 26, 27, and the final verse (40), which says still more clearly :

This is the Catholic Faith, which except a man believe faithfully and steadfastly he cannot be saved.

We have acknowledged that it is natural for a modern Protestant to object to this kind of language, for he is persuaded that it means that eternal damnation awaits even those who, through no fault of their own but through sheer intellectual honesty, in their inability to reconcile the dogmas with their standards of truth refuse to believe them. He has been brought up to believe that all such clauses, wherever they be found in the authentic formulæ of the Catholic Church, are an inheritance from former centuries, to whose fierce and brutal spirit such notions were congenial ; and holding, as he does, that this fearful spirit is now happily extinct, or lurks only in the hearts of fanatics, he is persuaded that the mass of those who appropriate these damnatory clauses by reciting them, are guilty of gross and unaccountable insincerity.

But, by the leave of those who contend thus, the Church never has and never could understand clauses like those in question in any such savage and un-Christian sense. *Facienti quod in se est Deus non denegat gratiam*—"to the man who does his best God will not refuse His grace"—is at least as familiar and well-established a maxim of Catholic Dogmatics as are any in the Damnatory Clauses. It is true there is a change which has come over Catholics of the present age as compared with



Catholics of earlier generations, but it is not in regard to the principle, it is in regard to its application ; not as to whether the victims of innocent error are doomed to eternal punishment, but as to who are to be reckoned victims of innocent error. Undoubtedly there was much less readiness to recognize innocent error in individuals formerly than now, and regrettable cruelties were the consequence. But this was no matter of dogma, to be embodied in formal pronouncements, nor is it this which the damnatory clauses of our Creed were intended to affirm. They are intended to affirm, simply and solely, the principle that the testimony and teaching of Jesus Christ may not wilfully be set aside. What is at stake is in fact, as Canon Newbolt remarks in a passage quoted higher up, the whole question whether we are to accept the articles of our Creed as expressions of opinion, as our own personal guesses at truth, or as doctrines which Jesus Christ taught, and to the truth of which He testified. If they are merely our guesses at truth, no one has a right to restrict our liberty to hold them and guide our lives by them, or to do the opposite, just as we please. But if they are truths which Jesus Christ our Lord and Master revealed to His Apostles, and through them to His Church, in order that they may be held by us, and used as our guides during life to the eternal destination prepared for us, it is impossible not to feel that His intention was to bind us under peril of our souls to place trust in His word ; that He must, in short, have said what Mark xvi. 16, records Him as having said, "He that believeth (the Gospel) and is baptized shall be saved ; but he that believeth not shall be condemned." And it is just this stern pronouncement of our Lord—this and nothing more—which the Athanasian Creed reiterates in regard to two fundamental articles of the Gospel delivered to the Apostles.

It is objected, indeed, even by some who see this point, that if the damnatory clauses mean nothing more, they should have been so worded as to confine their threatenings to persons whose error is wilful. But it is not so. It is the understanding in all positive criminal laws, that the penalties of disobedience are to fall only on those whose disobedience is deliberate and in the face of knowledge ; but this understanding is never thought to need explicit statement, partly because it follows from the nature of things, partly because, as the law-giver is supposed to take due means to make the existence of his law

known, the state of those who disregard it inadvertently is not normal but exceptional. There is, too, still another reason why the exception does not need to be expressed ; and with stating it, we may bring this article to a close. It is entirely a misconception to suppose that these damnatory clauses are put by the Church into the mouth of those who recite them, in order that they may make themselves judges of their neighbours, and pass a general sentence of condemnation all round. It is of himself each is to think, and of his own personal obligation to believe the doctrines he is engaged in reciting. In reciting them, what he virtually says is this : "*I* know that these doctrines come to me from my Divine Teacher, Jesus Christ ; and that *I* must therefore believe them on peril of my soul."

S. F. S.

## *Subjective Idealism.*

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BY a curious coincidence the *Hibbert Journal* and the *Dublin Review*, in their issues for the month of July, both dealt with the subject of Idealism, and both had a word to say about the change that has come over the meaning of the term in its use as a technical designation of philosophical theories. In the *Review* Mr. C. S. Devas gave a masterly sketch of Dr. Willmann's *Geschichte des Idealismus*, a work which, though a decade has passed since the appearance of the first volume, is still the standard authority on the subject for German Catholics. The *Journal* contains an article entitled "The Two Idealisms," over the signature of Professor Sorley, of Cambridge, a competent representative of the modern English school. The contrasts are interesting and instructive.

Indeed, a comparative study of the two articles might be made to convey lessons concerning the nature and bearings of idealistic hypotheses, which are sadly needed in English-speaking countries, even by specialists. But the readers of THE MONTH might reasonably complain if an attempt were made to rush them through the abstruse argumentation that would be required for that purpose. Happily there are a few points, not by any means unimportant, which, with a little pains to avoid technicalities and enough restraint to be content with simple outlines, may be made intelligible to ordinary lay-folk. Among these is the accurate placing, in the realm of philosophy, of the doctrine that "Reality is Spirit."

Professor Sorley begins his article with a statement of the fundamental principle of Idealism in its primitive form borrowed from Adamson's *Development of Modern Philosophy*. According to this authority an Idealist is one who assigns an "existential character" to truth, and regards "objects of intellectual apprehension as constituting a realm of existence over against which the world of concrete facts stands in inexplicable opposition."<sup>1</sup> The writer's comment upon the

<sup>1</sup> *Hibbert Journal*, July, 1904, p. 103.

statement will have been anticipated by the reader. "This view," he adds, "is clearly derived from Plato, and through him became traditional in the schools as the doctrine of the real existence of ideas or universals."<sup>1</sup> That is so. But it should be carefully noted that it was always called the Platonic Realism. Moreover, it was characterized as an exaggerated form of Realism, precisely because it assigns existence, over against the world of concrete facts, to the objects of intellectual apprehension. It was universally rejected, and is now dead and buried.<sup>2</sup> Nevertheless Adamson, as we shall see, was right to class it as an idealist hypothesis.

Dr. Willmann has looked further afield, and has studied the Platonic Idealism in relation to its historical antecedents and consequents. This wider view has enabled him to distinguish in it what was true from what was false, what contributed to the evolution of Idealism from what had afterwards to be cast out as incapable of assimilation. "The genuine Idealist, in Dr. Willmann's sense," writes Mr. Devas, "looks on all terrestrial objects as created according to an Idea, a celestial pattern or prototype; and he so far idealises the world that in the visible he recognises the invisible, in the sensible he recognises the intelligible, in the thing he recognises the thought."<sup>3</sup>

Here for the purpose of comparison, the reference to creation and a celestial prototype had better be omitted. Its inclusion may be justified from the point of view of the historian; but philosophically and in the order of human cognition the evidence for God and creation is discoverable only on the presupposition that the objects of man's intellectual apprehension are real. The Idealist is concerned with the verification of this presupposition, as a preliminary step to the proof of Theism.

The nature of the evidence available for this verification is a point that will come up for consideration at a later stage. For the present we need only an exact statement of the principle. Dr. Willmann's "genuine Idealism," then, attributes *real being* to an intelligible idea only in so far as it is embodied, exemplified, instanced or, as we say, realized under various individual

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>2</sup> Compare Lottini, *Compendium Philosophia Scholastica*, Paris (1903), vol. i. p. 191. "Realismus Platonius 1° falso nititur fundamento; 2° cognitionum nostrarum objecta destruit; 3° alia objecta penitus contradictoria fingit. Ergo . . . admitti nullatenus potest."

<sup>3</sup> *Dublin Review*, July, 1904, p. 115.

limitations, in the world of concrete things ; while, on the other hand, it counts these latter concrete things as *real beings*, only in so far as they embody ideas. Our intelligible ideas of an object of sense are measures of its *being*. All *being* is intelligible, and only the intelligible can *be*.

This fundamental principle of Dr. Willmann's "genuine Idealism" has never been more pithily stated than in the well-known axiom of the Schoolmen, *Ens et verum convertuntur*. Whatever *is* is true, and *vice versa*. But, if the axiom is to be understood in the sense of the men who framed it, care must be taken to note that the verb (*to be*) is used absolutely<sup>1</sup> and without qualification of tense or mood. That which a terrestrial object *is*, in this unqualified sense, that it always has been, that it always will be, throughout the whole course of its existence. This is its real self, and endures identically under all its sensible attributes and processes, natural or fortuitous ; it must not be confounded with them. These attributes and processes are, in the first place, evidence of its reality, as smoke is evidence of fire ; for without it they would be impossible ; and such of them as we recognize to be natural attributes or processes are, in the second place, used as signs marking the limits and distinctions of the invisible *beings* in which they are found respectively. In fact we have only to examine carefully those first simple ideas of physical objects which spring up spontaneously and inevitably in every human mind and are the direct, immediate and unreasoned issue of sufficient sense-experience, to convince ourselves that they represent those objects as playing a part and fulfilling a function in the *enduring* scheme and work of the universe as a whole. Viewed in this their intelligible, as opposed to their sensible, aspect material objects have their place and rank as parts of Nature. Whole multitudes of them are perceived to be doing work of the same kind and in the same way, and to be similarly affected by the actions of other multitudes, and thus are credited with the same species of *being*. Within this species individual differences count for nothing except as distinctive of separate units. In Nature, and as an object of scientific investigation, one piece of gold is what another piece is. Oxygen and hydrogen and water, their natural compound, are the same all

<sup>1</sup> Lat. *simpliciter* ; Gr. ἀπλῶς. When used of the Infinite the substantive verb must be understood with a most important qualification, viz., with the absolute exclusion of every sort of limitation or imperfection.

the world over and at all times. What each one *is* is represented exactly, though, not of course, completely, by our idea of it—at least if there is truth in science. Nor need we be frightened by the bogey of Relativity. The chemical tests of physical substances are really related to the substances of which they are the evidence. True, they cannot be evidence to us unless they have been brought into real relation also to our sensibility. But this latter relation is the condition only of our perception of the evidence, not of the fact which constitutes the evidence perceived. And it is this absolute fact, not its relation to our sensibility, which we use as a sign to distinguish and to define the kind of being under our hands. And is not this analogously the use made of all our sensible experiences? Though not signs to the intellect in the same sense as a chemical test, which cannot give its evidence unless it be itself first understood, none the less are they, in the order of Nature, actual evidence of the invisible abiding realities, which underlie and explain the ordered course of the sensible world.

The plural *realities* has been advisedly used instead of *reality* in the singular, for the reason that not even in abstraction, much less in their concrete embodiments, do human ideas coalesce into an organic unity. But it would try the reader's patience to pursue the point.

Of course it was not reserved for the Scholastics to discover that the limits of the intelligible are also the limits of the real; and that philosophy, to be true, must accept this principle. It is Aristotle's position, neither more nor less, as it is the only firm part of Plato's. Both were Idealists and both were Realists. The matter may be put succinctly thus: They started together from the principle of the exact correspondence of the limits of the real with the limits of the intelligible. But whereas Plato, unless he has been misunderstood, felt himself driven in consequence of that correspondence, to the unverifiable hypothesis of the separate existence of the objects of the human understanding, apart from the sensible world; Aristotle, on the other hand, recognized their inherence *in* it. He saw the intelligible in the sensible, the intrinsic cause of the order and uniformity of its multitudinous movements; while Plato, blinded by these movements and unable to recognize the identities of Nature on account of the constant changes under which they were hidden, had to save his realism by an artificial hypothesis.



It will be readily admitted that Aristotle's position is in advance of Plato's along the true line of doctrinal evolution as determined by the root-principle of Idealism. Further progress along the same line—progress at least towards greater accuracy and precision of statement—was effected by the leading Schoolmen in their fight against the nominalists and conceptualists; but here, again, a tempting theme must be put away for want of space, and also to spare the reader, who might resent an abstract discussion. But, as a corollary to all that has been said, it should be put on record that, as long as the idealistic tradition remained unbroken, Idealism and Realism were but two aspects of a common truth, not the names of two opposed kinds of philosophical theory. The same hypothesis which offered an idealistic interpretation of the universe also offered a realistic interpretation of human knowledge. It was the direction from which attacks were forthcoming that determined which way the doctrine was made to face.

But the tradition has not remained unbroken.

In popular language, indeed [writes Mr. Devas], *ideal* is still used to express what is raised above material interests; and even in serious works still indicates a noble type to which we strive to conform. But as a technical philosophical term Idealism is the theory which denies an independent material world, and Idea is reduced to be a mere notion conceived by the human mind. According to this theory the world is only a conception of the thinking subject, and what seems external to us is not really apart from ourselves, has no real objective existence, as Realism fondly imagines, but is merely a subjective notion or representation.<sup>1</sup>

And the Cambridge Professor concurs.

According to this [*sc.* the modern] view, reality is mental; material things, in so far as they are not apprehended by mind, are nothing at all; in so far as they are objects of mental apprehension, they are what Berkeley calls ideas, and their existence is dependent upon mind; the ultimate reality is minds and spirits.<sup>2</sup>

Professor Sorley very lucidly explains how this view contrasts with that of Plato. If allowance be made for the latter's special kind of realism, the passage will throw light on the points that separate modern and ancient Idealisms generally. To summarize the passage would be to spoil it. He writes thus:

<sup>1</sup> *Dublin Review*, *Ibid.* pp. 115, 116.

<sup>2</sup> P. 104.

There is thus a clear *prima facie* difference between the two views. Both may be said to have their origin in opposition to the naïve Realism of common sense—the assumption that the objects of sense-perception, or what are called material things, are the real. But the opposition is carried out in different ways. The contention of the first form of Idealism is that objects of sense-perception are constantly changing, and that the faculty by which they are apprehended varies from individual to individual, and from moment to moment; whereas the ideas are said to be eternal and unchanging, and to be apprehended by a true knowledge, which is free from the variability of sense. The ideas are therefore said to have a reality which sense-objects do not possess. The reasons for this conclusion thus seem to be drawn from two sources: from the different natures of the objects apprehended, and from the different modes of subjective apprehension. The constancy of true knowledge distinguishes the apprehension of ideas from sense-apprehension, which is variable. But the mere fact that both the ideas and sense-objects are subjectively apprehended, does not enter into the argument. *Plato would be giving up his case if he said that the reality of the ideas depended upon their being apprehended by the mind.* Apart from other reasons against this solution, it would only bring the ideas into line with the objects of sense. On the other hand, the argument which supports the second form of Idealism is different, and has a different issue. *It is based entirely on the reference to subjective apprehension or consciousness:* what we perceive is object of perception; what we think is object of thought; whatever we say “is” is either mind or dependent upon mind; reality is spiritual.<sup>1</sup>

The italics must not be attributed to Professor Sorley. They have been used in order to draw the reader's attention to the exact point at which the ancient and modern views of Idealism are in diametrical opposition. The modern view is “based entirely” on a reference, which it was essential for the ancient theory to exclude.<sup>2</sup> According to the one view the “being” which the idea has in its subject is the “being apprehended;” according to the other it is the “being *in rerum natura*,” for the subject of the idea in the one case is considered to be the mind that apprehends the idea; in the other it is the concrete object which is apprehended by the very fact that its idea is in the mind. In both views the real being of the idea may be spoken of as its subjective being (*esse quod habet idea in subjecto*); but the different interpretations given to the term “subject” result in a radical difference in the meanings

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 704, 705.

<sup>2</sup> The true bearing of the reference in question is psychological.

of the phrase "real being." To the modern Idealist "real being" means the actual presence of a truth in mind; to his mediæval or Greek namesake it meant the "realization of that truth outside mind."

It was Kant who first attempted the construction of a theory of science on the new interpretation. There is no indication that he ever thought it necessary to refute the older view. Perhaps he never fully grasped it; for the previous experimental effort of Descartes to build upon the narrow foundation of *Cogito, Ergo sum* is evidence that the wider idealistic principle had been lost sight of in the decadence of Scholasticism. Probably also the scepticism of Hume, by bringing that principle itself into question, caused Kant to approach the problem of philosophy from the stand-point of philosophic doubt. But whatever the cause or the occasion, he did, as a fact, abandon the old idealist position, and rested his *Critique of the Pure Reason* on the sole *datum* of the existence of abstract truth in the human mind, a truth which he thought could not otherwise be considered real, than as a natural growth and determination of the thinking subject.<sup>1</sup> This was hailed as a work of genius; and the modern use of the adjectives "subjective" and "objective" as applied to reality—the exact reverse of their use by Aristotle and St. Thomas—shows that, for better or for worse, he carried the world with him. The revolution he wished to effect in philosophical speculation he himself compared to that brought about by Copernicus in astronomy.

Le nom qui exprime le mieux l'essence même de la philosophie kantienne [says Eugène Beurlier in his admirable contribution to the series, *Science et Religion*] est celui de subjectivisme. Par cela seul qu'elle était dogmatique et croyait que les représentations fondamentales sont données à l'esprit, la philosophie antérieure à Kant était objectiviste. Tirant du sujet lui-même, comme les produits de leur principe producteur, ces mêmes représentations, la philosophie kantienne est subjectiviste. Si l'on admet qu'en dehors des représentations il y a des choses ou que les choses mêmes sont immédiatement appréhendées dans ce que nous nommons des représentations, l'objectivisme fait tourner l'esprit autour des choses. Le subjectivisme, inversement, fait tourner les choses autour de l'esprit. Ce sont là les formules mêmes dont Kant s'est servi. Il espérait par elles faire bien comprendre la nature et l'importance de la révolution que son hypothèse allait causer en

<sup>1</sup> Little as Kant perhaps thought it, this was equivalently to *deny* realism in the older sense.

philosophie, et qu'il comparait à la révolution qu'avait causée en astronomie l'hypothèse de Kopernik.<sup>1</sup>

The change, to be thoroughly appreciated, must be exhibited in an object-lesson. Everyone is familiar with the ideas of numerical unity and number; though some may require to be reminded that the former involves the double element of separateness from, and of indivisibility into, other units of the same denomination; so that there cannot be numerical unity without, at least, the possibility of multiplicity, nor multiplicity without actual units. From these correlative ideas, by *à priori* synthesis according to Kant, and by the aid of object-lessons with imagined concrete units according to Aristotle, the whole science of pure arithmetic has been derived—a science, by-the-by, which is capable of direct and perfect application to the concrete world of existences. If *five* and *seven* are *twelve* in the abstract, twelve also must be the accurate sum of five and seven in the concrete, whatever be the denomination of the real things we are counting. "Cocker," in his own special line of science, could not help being a "genuine Idealist." But to come back to our proposition, *five and seven are twelve*: Aristotle and the Schoolmen would never acknowledge this to be a *real* truth, or a proper object of human knowledge, unless "number," with all that number implies, is something more than an idea, something which has *being* outside the mind, and is consciously represented in the mind by the idea which the mind itself has produced. They would not deny the reality or truth of the proposition in the partial sense of its being an intelligible thing *in* the mind. But for a *real truth*, in the full sense of the term, they would require, further, the actual relation which the ideal truth always and inseparably bears in the living mind to the world of existences outside it. Kant has ignored this relation. If it belongs to all truths as viewed *in situ*, *i.e.*, in the living mind, then it is he, and not Aristotle and the Schoolmen, who must be charged with mistaking an abstraction for the real thing. There is no possibility of arguing the question. It is one of fact, which must be settled by observation. At the same time it is noteworthy and significant that not only common people in common life, but also men of science in their most elaborate experiments bear unmistakable witness against Kant.

<sup>1</sup> *E. Kant.* Par Eugène Beurlier. 3me Edit. Paris: Bloud et Cie., 1904, pp. 8, 9.

Take another object-lesson—this time from Geometry. In Euclid there are many propositions showing the properties of plane rectilinear figures. For the reality of the things stated in these propositions it is not necessary that the limited surfaces of physical bodies, or of any portions of them, should be accurately plane and bounded by straight lines; but only that so far as they are approximately so, the properties of the perfect ideals to which they approximate should belong to them in a degree corresponding to that approximation. The more nearly two sides of a real triangle are to equality and straightness, the nearer are the angles at the base to being equal. The ideal truth is the scheme or plan of the reality, the principle that underlies it and accounts for its being what it is. And the geometrician knows it as such. Here again arises the question between Kant and the older Idealism. Is there always this conscious reference to a real outside world in human science, even where allowances have to be made for defective materials in the realization? To ask the question is to answer it, and to answer it in the affirmative. The genuine idealistic realism is a necessity of the human reason. Subjectivism is powerless to suppress it.

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.

Indeed, subjectivism is only possible to those who instead of studying the real thing called knowledge in the concrete, as it is found in the living mind, prefer to theorize about an abstraction. But what is the theory worth, when so important an element in the statement of the problem has been passed over?<sup>1</sup>

Empirical human knowledge may be asked to furnish our third and last object-lesson. Though not based on scientific analysis, it is none the less, as far as it goes, genuinely intellectual: it is a knowledge of Nature and an *understanding* of phenomena. Here is a lapidary who knows what a diamond is. He does not need to assure himself by reasoning that his knowledge is valid. It would even be inaccurate to say that he takes the fact for granted; he *knows* it. He affirms the validity of his knowledge in the very act of pronouncing that the stone he holds in his hand and sees with his eyes is a diamond; for this means that it is, as he conceives of it. Thus his actual

<sup>1</sup> We have no wish to imply that Kant's analysis of the scientific judgment was wrong. It was forestalled by Aristotle, and appears substantially in its proper place in the *Applied Logic* of the Schoolmen. Only those parts are worthless which follow from the subjective interpretation.

knowledge, considered even as an object of mind, includes two distinct relations. There is, first, the relation of the predicate, *being a diamond*, to the subject, *this stone*; and there is, secondly, the relation of the complex mental object, *this stone is a diamond*, to some being outside the mind and independent of it. It is the presence of this second relation in every act of human understanding that constitutes the problem of the Idealist. For the independent term of the relation is evidently the same, whatever be the particular stone subjected to the predication. Plato suggested the existence of a diamond without any individual determinations. Aristotle showed the impossibility of that supposition, and substituted for it the hypothesis of the independent reality in existing individual diamonds of that which the mind conceived apart from all individuality. For he noticed that when the mind declares a particular stone to be a diamond, it does not predicate any abstract reality of a concrete individual, but affirms only that what, as an object of mind, is an abstraction, is also, as a thing outside the mind, concrete and individual, the abstraction and the individuality being the conditions of actual intelligibility and of existence respectively.

Kant never faced this problem; and his philosophy makes no pretence at solving it. Therefore his is not a genuine Idealism. However, it is not difficult to show either where it stands as compared with the Aristotelian and Platonic systems, or how it has come to claim the family name and pose as the real heir to the estate.

It is only necessary to leave out the second of the two relations which, as we have seen, are found in all human knowledge in order to get at Kant's idea of real knowledge or science. There remains, after the elimination, nothing but thought-determinations of the thinking subject. The only being which these thought-determinations have in themselves is the being true developments, as opposed to incongruous or monstrous growths; and what reality they have is derived from the spirit out of which they are evolved. In like manner, if we strip sensations of their essential relation to external and independent realities they will be for us what they were for Kant—mere determinations of the sensibility.

It is of human science, so conceived, as a system of abstract propositions in the mind, that Kant sets about to inquire, what are the presuppositions it involves, and within what limits



therefore science is possible. There is no denying the genius he has shown in the investigation. But let the theory be as cleverly contrived, and as consistent as a hundred Kants could make it, the whole hangs from the clouds so far as it can be proved to rest on a misconception.

It would lead us too far afield to follow Kant's verification of the subjective hypothesis in detail. It is enough to point out the vice of his method generally. It lies in this, that he retains in his "transcendental forms" of the sensibility and understanding all the internal relations that such forms, on the alternate hypothesis, have derived from the matter which has been emptied out of them. He ignores, in other words, the function of an independent world in determining sense-perception and the function of experience in determining the form of science. What springs from the union of two principles is put to the credit of one; much in the same way, as if one were to examine a suit of clothes for the purpose of finding out what the tailor had it in him to make, without allowing for the fact that he had previously taken the measure of the man for whom the clothes had been made. It is evident that the examination would lead to curious results, and that the *à priori* capacities of the tailor would be judged to be far more definite and far more various than one would have expected. But the main point to be noticed is, that the discrimination shown in the *discovery* of these transcendental forms reveals the assumption of the very hypothesis which it is the purpose of the discoverer to verify by their means.

In what sense Kant must be called an Idealist is plain. He has done his work of idealizing the world so thoroughly, that nothing of what other men call reality is left in it.

Though Kant has not verified the subjective hypothesis, he has however solved the problem, How is science (meaning physics and mathematics) possible? and he has also shown that metaphysic, the science of the supra-sensible, is impossible; both to the satisfaction of those who are content to accept the subjective hypothesis without verification. This he has done by putting into the "thinking subject" just what he wanted to get out of it; as Prof. Tyndall once put the "power and potency of life" into matter. But that is a minor achievement. A greater monument of Kant's genius is the effect of his revolutionary idea on philosophy. Utter confusion reigns around, no one seeming to know what philosophy is, or what

is its relation to the particular sciences, or what data, what principles are available for the solution of philosophical problems. Nay, ever since Kant's day our keenest intellects have worked, and worked in vain, to find the rational justification of their beliefs, a problem which any one who thinks for a moment must pronounce to be like looking for the beginning of the circumference of a circle; for assuredly belief in the justifying reason would itself require justification. Meantime enthusiastic workers in the field of science must listen in amazement when they are told, that they "have not merely stumbled on the truth in spite of error and illusion, which is odd, but because of error and illusion, which is odder. For if the scientific observers of Nature had realized from the beginning that all they were observing was their own feelings and ideas . . . they surely would not have taken the trouble to invent a Nature (*i.e.*, an independently existing system of material things), for no other purpose than to provide a machinery by which the occurrence of feelings and ideas may be adequately accounted for."<sup>1</sup>

Strangely enough, the gifted author who writes thus would be the last to recommend a return to the objective Idealism of the School. The masters of speculation may have failed in their task of providing us with a theory of science. But Mr. Balfour doubts "whether any metaphysical philosopher before Kant can be said to have made contributions to this subject which at the present day need be taken into serious account."<sup>2</sup> We have heard much of the "naïve realism" of the mediæval Schoolmen, and the necessity of superseding it by something more critical. The mockers would find critical acumen to their hearts' content, and Idealism, too, of the purest water, in the theory which those "children in philosophy" contrived to build up in explanation, though not in justification, of those veritable first principles of physical science, which from their inseparable association with sense-experience are loosely spoken of as "observed facts." They constitute man's first, vague interpretations of experience, which it is the business of science to make more definite.

THOMAS RIGBY.

<sup>1</sup> *Foundations of Belief*. By the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. Eighth Edition, 1901, pp. 124, 125.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 100, 101.

## *East End Sketches.*

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### 5. LIFE IN THE COURT.

IT was a typical East End court, and very unsavoury. To many it served as a home, though to me it seemed a place where it was unfitting the dignity of man either to live or to die in.

But necessity knows no law, therefore many strove hard to live, or failing that, they died without difficulty in the alley of which I write.

It was attached to my district, and there, in the heart of the court, I spent much of my time. Most people knew the locality by repute. But though the general facts might be known beyond the narrow limits of the dreary court, it required one of its own denizens to fill in the details of court life, and this Nellie Brannigan did whenever we chanced to meet.

And after I had allowed for the Celtic faculty for invention, and the local bias against accuracy which ran from one end of the court to the other, I felt that Nellie's recitals contained the pith of life in Mark's Place. In appearance Nellie Brannigan was not attractive, and she always wore her fringe in curling-pins. When she had on a clean apron and a woollen shawl she considered herself well-dressed. Her best clothes were bought at the pawn-shop in Heather Street. But shopping may be a lengthy business, and in Mark's Place it was a protracted undertaking.

Each article was paid for by the smallest of small instalments, and payment being always in advance, months sometimes elapsed before the coveted garment could be taken home. If times were bad, as they frequently were, Nellie had to betake herself to the rag-girls who lived round the top of the court, from whom she could buy a skirt for the modest sum of sixpence. An umbrella skirt, too—so Nellie assured me.

No one knew the alley and its neighbourhood better than Nellie. In fact it was Brannigans who led the local riots, and

according to local opinion it was the Brannigans who were the curse of the alley.

Nellie was a rough factory hand, and she worked at the rope-grounds. Sometimes she suffered from her eyes, and had to attend the hospital. Consequently she was a good deal out of work.

Rope-grounds are not the safest of places under the most favourable circumstances, and a factory hand needs all her sight where the space is so limited that a few inches of tape hanging from a girl's dress may result in the loss of a girl's limb, and where the factory hand has to creep sideways past the ever-whirring machines—hugging the wall—to avoid being drawn in.

"I prays to the Almighty Gawd," said Nellie to me, "w'en I goes in every day at the door, that I may be kep' safe."

That was when her eyes were fairly well : when they were not, she stayed away from the rope-grounds.

In character she was one of those types only to be found in the depths of an East End court : warm-hearted and generous ; ignorant and passionate, impulsive and untamed ;—having the simplicity of a child and the subtlety of a woman ; with a heart that was easily touched, and a will that none could bend. When she was angry a fierce light would leap up into her eyes, and she was like some wild, half-human creature who knew no restraint. Her tongue was a useful weapon, but it was not her only means of defence. Neither man nor woman did Nellie fear, provided they were of her own class. But if any one else spoke to her, she hung her head and answered in monosyllables. For Nellie was abnormally shy, and she distrusted the civilized stranger.

How it was I never knew, but from the first days of our acquaintance, I was rigorously excluded from the ranks of the civilized. And so Nellie used to tell me things.

One day I went down the court, and arrived just in time to stay a fight ; Nellie being one of the combatants.

"It ain't no use atyin'," said Nellie. "I tries an' I tries, but I can't keep aht of it."

"Yes, I know. It is fearfully hard sometimes."

Her eyes filled with tears. "Yuss," she answered, leaning wearily against the doorway, "but no one knows 'cept them as lives dahn 'ere, 'ow 'ard it is ter be good in this alley." And the big tears rolled down her cheeks.

I had been away from the East End some time when Nellie came to see me.

"What is the news of the court?" I asked.

"There's some people," she answered, "wot 'as left. A sight of 'em 'as moved aht of it, an' some of 'em," she added, "ain't no loss."

"What became of the people at No. 13?" I asked.

"Do yer means the man wot 'ad on'y one leg?" asked Nellie.

"Yes, where have they gone?"

"Dunno," answered Nellie. "Did yer know 'em well?"

"Yes, they were friends of mine—the wife and children used to write to me."

"My lor," said Nellie, "I never knew that! 'e was a bad un!" she ejaculated.

"Yes he was," I admitted; "but his wife was good."

"B'lieve she were," said Nellie. "I knows 'e beat 'er crool, 'e did, fur 'e were a fair brute! An' little Billie 'e used ter shake 'is fists at 'im fur treatin' 'is mother so bad. She lost one of the childer lately," said Nellie.

"Not Billie, I hope? nor Maudie?" I asked, quickly.

"No, not neither o' them, but yer knows the baby that was? Well! it were the baby wot died. An' they never 'ad no sheet up, nor nothink! An' no candles burnin', an' nobody never sat up at night ter watch be the side of the corpse—I never did see the like of it," said Nellie in disgust. "But Mrs. White be Hinglish," she added, "an' as fer 'im, 'e ain't got no religion. Yer should 'ear 'im talk,—my lor! w'y! 'e don't b'lieve in no Gawd! 'e sez theer ain't none! 'e sez. An' theer didn't niver was no Gawd! 'e sez. 'e's quite sure abaht it—an' ye'd niver know w'y! Do you know w'y?" asked Nellie, abruptly.

"No—why?"

"Well," replied Nellie, "it seems a bit funny, but any'ow White sez it. 'E sez that ev theer was a Gawd, 'E wouldn't a' let 'is leg be took orf—so 'e sez that theer *carwn't* be no Gawd. 'E 'ad 'is leg cut orf in the 'orspital a tidy while ago," she explained, "'an ever since 'e ain't b'lieved in no Gawd. 'An yer should 'a' 'eard the row theer was in the court the time 'e said it! Yer knows what me father's like?" Here Nellie appealed to me as an intimate friend of the family.

I nodded.

"Well! me father was just a coming 'ome from work one night through the 'Bubble 'an Squeak.' Yer knows the back door wot opens on ter the court? Well, jes' as me father was

acomin' aht o' the doorway, White was atellin' the people dahn theer, as 'e b'lieved thet theer wasn't no Gawd. An' as luck would 'ave it, me father 'eard 'im say it! and," said Nellie parenthetically, "it wasn't as ev me father was drunk, fur 'e only 'ad 'is half-pint at the public 'ouse, 'an no more."

"Say it agin;" sez me father, daring 'im like; "Say it agin!" 'e sez, 'an' I'll brain ye this day!' and me father was the very colour o' death. 'Yuss,' says White, 'I sez it agin—theer aint no Gawd!' The people was all crowded tergither in the alley—all alistenin'! an' no sooner 'ad the words left 'is mouth w'en me father makes a rush at 'im—'e fair copped 'im, me father did. 'An', yells me father, 'I'll do fur yer! ev I *swings fur it!*' Wid thet 'e sprang on 'im, and 'is 'ands was at 'is throat afore the men 'astandin' rahnd could interfere. Any'ow they pulled me father orf, an' they 'ad ter 'old 'im dahn—or White would 'a been done fur that day. My lor! but me father was fair wild; 'e was quite upset like."

"Yuss," soliloquized Nellie, "now an' agin, it do be awful dahn the court. It wudn't be so bad if we could live ter oursel's quiet like, but 'Tilda will 'ave the door open. An' then o' course, yer kin 'ear ivery-think as goes on in the court, same as ivery one ahtside kin 'ear yer. It aint nat'ral like, ter talk agin yer own sister," said Nellie, "an' I niver sez nuthink ter nobody abaht 'er. But theer, 'Tilda's fair unnat'ral. Theer's no pleasin' 'er no'ow! Yer kin try as 'ard as yer like, but 'Tilda jes' goes on jawin' yer."

"Why has 'Tilda never married?" I asked.

"She wud 'a done," said Nellie, "on'y Tim Rafferty died. Then she took on wif another man an' me father wouldn't let her, an' she aint never come to no good since she took up wid 'im. O'course nobody ain't no better fur drinkin', an' 'Tilda's been that awful that nobody can't stand 'er. Yer knows Mrs. Smith?"

Again I nodded.

"Well! not 'er, but 'er sister-in-law wot lives next door ter us. She's the worst drunkard in all the court—an' 'Tilda is fair took up wid 'er. She goes in theer ivery day an' spends some of 'er nights theer too. Sich singin' an' carryin'on as they do be 'avin'. May the Lord help us!" said Nellie at the remembrance, "an' may yer never 'ear the like. An' w'en she's settin' at home, she ain't no better. She's that aggravatin' yer wouldn't b'lieve! She jes' jaws an' jaws, till I feels fair silly.



An' w'en yer torks to 'er she won't take no notice. She jes' sets be the fire a-mutterin' an' a-cursin' to 'erself. An' sometimes, she sez things wot don't make no sense like, but," added Nellie, "theer's some as finds sense in 'em an' they sez they're wicked words. An' w'en 'Tilda's wild with Moggie, she goes aht in the court an' she calls aht an' tells the people as Moggie is bad. The things that 'Tilda sez abaht Moggie is fair crool! Straight! an' 'Tilda 'ates Moggie's young man, an' she tells 'em all in the court as Moggie's young man is reg'lar wicked. An' some o' the people b'lieves 'Tilda. An' then Moggie goes aht into the court an' she faces 'em all an' she calls aht—Moggie do—an' she sez to 'em, 'Yer kin b'lieve it ev yer like!' she sez, 'but I knows wot's true; an' so do the Almighty!' an' then Moggie sobs 'er 'eart aht." Here Nellie's voice broke. "I *do* love Moggie," she said simply, as she brushed away the tears with a tattered old handkerchief. "Sometimes w'en I do get thinkin'," she said after a pause, "I'm afeard for wot Moggie 'won't do to 'Tilda, for Moggie ain't the sort ter stand an' say nothink. I tries not ter answer 'er meself, but theer's times w'en I feels as if I couldn't keep me' 'ands off 'er. I hit 'er not long ago," confessed Nellie, "knocked 'er dahn with a board, an' it don' 'Tilda good, it did. Yes [continued Nellie], I 'as ter pray ter the Almighty that I don't do 'er no 'arm. I wouldn't mind like ev she was ter take me right aht inter the court an' chop me 'ead orf with a chopper an' 'ave done. But its the jawin' an' the jawin' that fair drives me mad! W'en I can't do nothing else, I jes' pull me shawl over me 'ead an' I goes aht o' the 'ouse, an' aht o' the court, an' away aht o' it all—an' I 'angs abaht in the streets an' I stays away from 'ome, so's ter keep me 'ands orf 'Tilda."

For a while neither of us spoke. Instinctively my eyes rested on Nellie's hands—the hands that had not killed. Then I looked into the girl's face and it was honest; and into her eyes which so far knew no fear; and on her brow where as yet there was no brand of Cain.

But for how long? and as I thought of these things I saw right down into the teeming alley, and I heard the voices of men and women, yea! and of young girls—maddened with drink, and the sound was like the fury of an angry sea that lashes itself against the rock-bound coast. For the alley was strewn with human wrecks. And looking in at the window of a two-roomed hovel I could see Nellie and 'Tilda within. For

this hovel was Nellie's home—the home which she shared with six others—all adults, and all passionate by nature.

I looked—and for the sake of the alley—I regretted the number of the commandments. Never before had they seemed so numerous. Yet on thinking them over they were no more, nor other, than the same ten which Moses gave to the Israelites. But that was in the open desert, and this in the over-crowded alley. And as I wandered along in thought I wondered where the alley would be placed on the last day. Whether it would be judged within or “without the law”? . . . but my reflections were terminated by Nellie's next remark.

“I wonders if yer ever knoo Mrs. Brooks?”

“What was she like?” said I.

“W'y, she lived at No. 9. Big stout woman, an' as wicked as ever yer like!—wicked agin the Irish, too. Ain't it funny when yer comes to think of it?” said Nellie, “wot a lot o' people is wicked agin the Irish! But Mrs. Brooks were real bad. 'Ow bad, nobody wouldn't never b'lieve. W'y, the things that woman used ter say!” and Nellie gazed into space and was silent.

“She was the woman wot blasphemed,” said Nellie presently. “Yer kin jist imagine the upset in the court: fur all the people an' the childer 'eerd 'er say it! An' their blood did be up, an' she 'ad ter run fur 'er life. Yuss! 'er an' 'er husband 'ad ter 'ide away, fur 'e ain't no better'n 'er. An' afore yer could turn rahnd it got abaht among the Irish in Pump Court an' all abaht theer, that the woman 'ad blasphemed, an' they was that wild they all turns aht o' all the streets an' alleys, an' dahn the court they comes pourin' and pourin'—the men an' the women an' the childer. An' they 'ad lighted candles in their 'ands, an' sticks; an' they was all singin' *The Wearin' o' the Green* as they rushes into the alley. It were fair like 'Ome Rule, me father sez. An' dahn they comes crowdin' an' crowdin' inter the court: An' the childer was bangin' tin cans, an' all the people in the court was 'ootin' an' yellin', an' stones was throwed up at the winder, an' all the time the woman an' 'er 'usband was 'idin' in No. 9. They was afeard o' their lives 'cos the Irish was roused. An' it was lucky fur 'em,” she added darkly, “that they was inside. But yer should 'a' seen the alley next day,” went on Nellie. “Green flags was 'angin' from one ind o' the court ter the other. My Lor! talk abaht *'Ome Rule*!! pokers was stickin' aht the winders, and shovels and broom 'andles with the flag of ole

Ireland tied on ter the ind of 'em. It were a fair set aht! An' fur abaht two years arter yer wouldn't b'lieve the life we led 'er!"

"We watched 'er door so's she couldn't get aht, an' 'er 'usband 'ad ter climb in ivery night over the back wall, cos w'enever the people copped 'im, they paid 'im! And then we used ter throw lighted rag up at the winder ter frighten 'em—an' w'enever she come'd to the winder we used ter jaw 'er." Here the girl from the alley laughed at the humour of the situation. "She couldn't take out no summons agin us yer see, cos we wouldn't let 'er aht o' the 'ouse! Then arter about six months some o' them in the court sez we ought ter settle it an' 'ave done, cos they sez as we'd been quarrellin' long enuff. So we gits 'er aht in the alley an' all the people was there fur to forgive 'er—on'y o' course," added Nellie, "we 'give 'er a good 'idin' fust. She was scared I kin tell yer cos the whole o' the alley was agin 'er. An' the people made 'er go dahn on 'er knees an' she 'ad ter say she was sorry. So she sez she 'ad been in the 'eight o' drink an' in the 'eight o' temper an' she didn't rightly know wot she said, an' she promised she'd niver blaspheme agin. So we lets 'er go."

"But she moved aht o' the alley not long arter, Mrs. Brooks did," said Nellie, and from her tone I gathered that Mrs. Brooks' departure was considered to be a slight on the magnanimity of the "devil's alley."

"There were no police there of course?" I suggested.

"No," replied Nellie, "theer ain't many police as goes dahn the Court, an' none o' them won't go by 'isself."

"I don't blame them," said I.

"No, nor me neither," said Nellie, with perfect candour.

After that there was silence, during which we both pondered.

"Nellie!" I asked suddenly, "how is it that I love the alley and the police are afraid of it?"

Her reply was prefaced by a re-assuring smile. "Shure! It takes the Irish ter understand the Irish," she said with conviction.

MAY F. QUINLAN.

### *The Catholic Boys' Brigade.*

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ALL those interested in the welfare of young people have their attention at the present time directed to the important question of Elementary Education. This is especially the case in London, where the new Education Acts have only recently come into force, and have not yet been completely applied. The serious difficulty which the Education Committee of the London County Council have already experienced even in beginning to deal with the gigantic task entrusted to their care serves to bring out in a very striking manner the great amount of time and labour which is being expended continuously upon the education of the children of the country. Money, too, is spent with a lavish hand, for beyond the large grants made from Imperial sources, local rates are also called upon to contribute considerable sums for the same purpose.

Strangely enough, although the State considers it to be a public duty to educate the child free of charge till he reaches the age of fourteen, no provision whatever ordinarily is made for him beyond that period, although all will readily admit that the section of a young person's life, when he requires above all help and control, is just for the few years between the time of his leaving school and that of his reaching manhood. The result of this curious omission, of course, is obvious. It would be interesting to ascertain what proportion of young people generally who have passed through the public Elementary Schools retain any adequate permanent benefit from their school-life of eight or nine years, say three years after the age fixed for leaving. In other words, it would seem that in many cases the costly means provided for conferring the benefits of an Elementary Education upon the children of the country, are to a very large extent almost wasted, because the children are practically turned adrift to do as they please as soon as they reach the age of fourteen. Of course it may be argued that the State which does so much for the education of the

children can reasonably expect their parents to exercise sufficient supervision over them when they have left the schools. But this plea can hardly be put forth with very great force, when one takes into account the elaborate machinery employed by every educational authority for compelling parents to make use of the educational advantages offered for their children. It could be suggested with greater reason, that more lasting benefit would be conferred on the community at large, if the various educational authorities, instead of spending so much money in providing free education for the children of middle class parents, who can easily afford to pay—and should be made to pay—for their own offspring, were to use the funds necessary for it for the after-school training of the poorer young people, who have no parents or vicious parents, or whose homes or substitutes for them have only one end—the streets.

Catholics in this country, it must be admitted, have followed the general lead in dealing with their own young people. For the past thirty-five years, they have laboured and toiled without ceasing, they have spent large sums of money, which have only been raised with the greatest difficulty, and at the cost of noble self-sacrifice on the part of priests and laity, in order to build and maintain Catholic Elementary Schools, which then have only been carried on owing to the generosity of teachers, both religious and secular, who have made their teaching a vocation instead of a profession. Catholics cannot but smile when they read of the heroic doings of the modern Nonconformist martyr who has had a few shillings' worth of his furniture sold in order to provide a portion of the new Education rate which he has refused to pay, and at the same time remember how for more than a quarter of a century, there have been Catholic teachers who for the privilege of teaching in Catholic Schools have lost in some cases from £50 to £100 a year in salary, and how for years past in London, for example, numbers of Catholic men have week after week given up their hours of leisure on Sunday, in order to beg from door to door for the maintenance of the Catholic Schools, in which they wished their children to be educated.

Yet despite their great work for their children in the Elementary Schools, Catholics have practically made no organized effort for retaining their young people when they leave, at the most dangerous time of their lives from a Catholic point of view. The result of this neglect is also obvious. The leakage

from the Church, which goes on, unfortunately, in every large centre of population like London, is largest amongst our young people during the few years after they have left school. Some telling figures upon this point, which clearly demonstrated the need for persistent efforts at social work in this direction, at any rate as far as boys are concerned, were given in a paper by the Rev. F. Segesser, the founder and pioneer of the Catholic Boys' Brigade in England, which was read at the Catholic Conference at Liverpool last summer :

In a large school of 200 boys in a very poor district fifty-three boys have left since the beginning of 1901. There is no Brigade, nor Club, nor Confraternity, for boys in the Mission. The priests in charge can point definitely to only twelve of the boys who have left as being still in any sense in touch with the Church. . . . In another school of 200 boys, in whose district there has been a company of the Brigade for more than three years, ninety-six boys have left during a similar period. Of these forty-two are looked upon by the priest in charge as having been lost sight of.

Any priest who has a large Catholic Elementary School in his district can easily apply this method of testing the matter for himself, by consulting the school registers. And if such results obtain in Catholic Schools, what must be the loss with Catholic children who go to non-Catholic Schools?

There are many who rather abhor any attempt at dealing with Catholic matters from a statistical point of view. Figures, it is often said, can be made to prove anything. Yet statistics are welcomed when they point in a favourable direction. The present weakness of Catholics in many ways may be, in the opinion of some, ascribed to the fact that they are in too many cases content with general assurances. They are satisfied too often with the mere knowledge that progress is being made, whereas they ought to ascertain both the exact amount of progress, and to test whether the amount is satisfactory. Whether statistics are popular or not, if Catholics wish to make themselves felt at the next General Election, when matters of particular interest to them will be largely in dispute, they had better promptly turn their attention to figures, for it will be only definite numbers of Catholic voters that will be of any avail with either political party. As it seems clear that in the future Catholics as such will have a much more personal interest in elections both parliamentary and municipal, it would un-



doubtedly be advantageous for them if they began at once to provide for years to come by first securing and retaining the voters of a decade hence in the persons of the boys who are at present leaving the Catholic Elementary Schools.

The position with regard to Catholic boys will perhaps be better understood by a concrete example. In South London at the present time there are thirty-two Catholic Elementary Schools, which contain thirty boys' departments (including as such mixed schools, but excluding infants' departments). According to last year's returns there were 3,677 boys on the rolls of these schools. The Registrar General's figures for the whole country show that the school population is roughly one-fifth of the whole population. If this be so, there should be approximately, working from the school rolls, 18,000 Catholic men in South London. At the recent *Daily News* Census, the total number of men who were present at Mass on Sunday in the whole of that district did not reach 6,500! Obviously a serious leakage occurs amongst the boys before they become men.

From another point of view a similar conclusion can be arrived at. The child's school life in a boys' department lasts for six years. Therefore, from a roll of 3,677 boys, about 600 boys ordinarily leave the Catholic Elementary Schools in South London each year. There should, therefore, be in that district, making due allowance for death, about 3,500 Catholic lads between the ages of 14 and 21, who have already passed through the Catholic Schools. The schools concerned are in 27 different missions. Therefore, on average, each should be able to point to, roughly, 130 Catholic lads in touch with the Church between the above-mentioned ages. How many missions could do so?

Although these figures may seem depressing, anybody familiar with life in the poorer parts of London, with the temptations which surround Catholic boys at every possible turn, will wonder that so many young people do remain steadfast in the practice of their religious duties. What is the life of the average Catholic working boy in the poverty-stricken districts? A mere walk through some of them will explain a great deal, even to the casual observer. The cluster of boys at the corner of the narrow street or court, aimlessly doing nothing but "loafing" or "skylarking," the entrances to squalid houses or tenements blocked by groups of younger folk, the public-houses well filled with adults, are significant of all. After a

day's work in a close factory or workshop, the boy, not unreasonably, will not stay at home in a couple of stuffy rooms which have to do duty for all the needs of a man and his wife and family of children, and even if he were willing to do so, there is no room for him, for the living and working-room of the day has to be converted into a bed-room at night. Where then is the boy to go? Of course he frequents the streets. There is the cause of the falling away of so many of our boys. If there were some organization for dealing with the boys as soon as they leave the Elementary Schools, if there were some effective means of providing them with an enjoyable substitute for the streets, then hundreds of boys would every year be saved to the Faith in London alone.

The problem of dealing with Catholic boys immediately they leave the Elementary Schools, has for long puzzled social workers. Various endeavours in the form of confraternities and clubs have from time to time been made to meet the difficulty, but with little or no success. It has been generally found, that the confraternity attracts only the boy who is already inclined to be good; the club is usually popular only with the disciplined or steady boys. The vast majority of our boys, however, have no inclinations one way or the other, and it is most important to attract them before they are drawn into the wrong direction.

Within the last few years, however, a new organization for boys has been tried with most satisfactory results. At length it would seem that the method of securing our lads, which has been waited for so long, has been found, which will prove of the greatest service to the Church in this country if the means for its maintenance and extension are forthcoming from the Catholic public generally. Eight years ago at Dockhead, in South London, Father Segesser determined to adopt the organization known as the Boys' Brigade, which had proved of invaluable service both to Anglicans and Nonconformists, amongst the Catholic boys of his mission. The success of his efforts inspired neighbouring districts to emulate his example, and at the present time over thirty missions in different parts of the country have joined in the work, and have their companies of the Catholic Boys' Brigade.

The Brigade makes use of military organization and discipline as a means of attracting and retaining the boys, both of which also enable those in charge to control easily large numbers of boys, to accustom them to deference to properly

constituted authority, to afford them ample opportunity for physical exercises, and above all to bring them in touch with the Church. It has been found on all sides that a smart uniform, a drum and fife band, the prospect of physical drill and gymnastics and the like, attract all kinds of boys much more readily than the confraternity and the club, and, furthermore, experience shows that when properly directed, the former in a very short time leads to both of the latter.

Subject of course to slight modifications for local circumstances, the following is the general plan of work of a company of the Brigade. Any Catholic boy over twelve years of age can become a member. The word "Catholic" is used in what may be termed a liberal sense. It is not necessary that the boy should be a practising Catholic. It is what he ought to be rather than what he is. Most companies have found it a good plan to accept boys as soon as they reach the age of twelve, as this brings them in touch with the Brigade in the last years of their school life. But in this case it has usually proved necessary to drill the school boys in a half-company by themselves, and to curtail their privileges, for a clear distinction of caste exists amongst the working boys, between those at school and those who have left. Companies of the Brigade start work in most cases with two nights a week, one for drill and one for social club, but as it develops it will become necessary to add extra nights for band practice, gymnastics, signalling, ambulance work, night school and other sections. In fact some companies now provide a form of Brigade work for every night in the week.

The recruit has to attend a certain number of drills to the satisfaction of his officer, before he qualifies as a member. He then receives a preliminary uniform of cap, haversack, and belt, for which he is expected to pay by instalments or otherwise the sum of one shilling. As soon as his officers consider that the boy will prove a permanent member of the Brigade, he is provided with a full uniform, consisting in addition to the above of tunic and trousers. Like the Boys' Brigade and the Church Lads' Brigade, the Catholic Boys' Brigade has its own distinctive uniform, which was designed by the founder, Father Segesser, and which has been adopted as the Catholic uniform, and registered in order that its use can be restricted to the various companies in union with head-quarters. The uniform is of dark blue serge with green and red facings, and pipe-clayed

belt. The collar badges consist of the Papal Tiara, whilst a larger badge of the same subject, with the motto of his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, *Ne cede malis*, attached, is worn upon the belt. The Brigade expects every boy to contribute something towards the cost of his uniform. The average charge is about five shillings, but some districts have adopted the useful practice of making each boy pay by instalments according to his means. This points to one of the original principles of Brigade work, as laid down by Father Segesser, upon which its effective working mainly depends. Every boy should be made to realize that he has to do his share towards the expenses of the Brigade. He should be obliged to contribute a small payment each week, and should receive none of the benefits of the organization free of charge, unless, of course, he is out of work. No matter how small a charge is fixed, some payment on every occasion should be insisted upon. This is the best way of making the boys self-reliant, and of causing them to take a personal interest in the Brigade.

A serviceable method of explaining the development of Brigade work will be to enumerate the different sections of one of the leading companies in London, which has about 150 members, and which meets on every night in the week. The foundation of the company, of course, is the drill night. For this ordinary military drill, with some necessary modifications in the manual exercises, is used. The arms employed are disused carbines, which are obtained from the War Office at a cost of about two shillings each. This, by the way, is the only connection of the Brigade with that Government Department. Then the company has a drum and fife band, which meets for practice twice a week. It also possesses an ambulance section, a signalling detachment, and a fencing class. One night a week is set aside for social club, in which bagatelle, chess, and draughts serve as the principal attractions. Another important section of the work is the night for gymnastics, which includes free gymnastics, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and the parallel bars. This does not complete the list, for, besides cricket and football clubs at different seasons of the year, in the winter those in charge organize a dramatic club, which gives one performance on behalf of the funds during the season, and, in addition, a night school and occasional lantern lectures are also arranged. Furthermore, side by side with the company, there exists a boys' confraternity, quite distinct, although the chaplain of the

former is also the director of the latter, and more important still, as a distinct outcome of both, a Junior Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has been formed, whose members consist of the youths who have passed through the Brigade, and who now assist the chaplain in visiting the sick, in securing recruits, and in seeking after the absentee and the deserter. Quite apart from its ordinary weekly fixtures, the company has regular marches out, and periodical Church Parades for Mass on Sunday at the local church. It also participates in the general arrangements of the Brigade, to which reference will now be made.

The formation of several companies in South London led to the election of a Battalion Committee. As the organization spread throughout the whole of London and began to make its way in the country, it was found desirable to call into existence a Central Committee for the general working of the Brigade. These Committees have done valuable work in consolidating and strengthening local resources. Battalion Church Parades are arranged at frequent intervals in London for Mass on Sundays. For these the different companies taking part assemble in full uniform, headed by their bands, at some convenient point near the church selected, to which they then march. Seats in a prominent position are always reserved for the boys; two of the lads in uniform serve, if it is a Low Mass and the sermon is addressed in particular to the members of the Brigade. After Mass the boys always stand and sing "God Bless Our Pope;" and when they leave the church they form up in some streets near, afterwards marching past the presbytery and saluting the clergy there assembled. By far the best Church Parade which the Brigade has yet held was that at the Westminster Cathedral, on a Sunday afternoon in January last, when the Archbishop, on his return from Rome, gave the members the Papal Benediction and presented each with a medal blessed by the Holy Father. Upon that occasion over 700 boys attended, including representatives from the following companies: Dockhead, Rotherhithe, St. George's Cathedral, Borough, Camberwell, Walworth, Dulwich, Croydon, Tooting, Anerley, Arundel, Barking, Commercial Road, Kilburn, Kensal, Westminster, and Willesden. The impression made both upon the spectators and upon the boys themselves, as the Brigade marched from Victoria Embankment, where it had assembled, to the Cathedral, can easily be understood. Those

who had the privilege of witnessing the imposing ceremony in the Cathedral, and who heard the singing of the hymn, "God Bless Our Pope," by the boys, after the Archbishop had bestowed upon them the Blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff, will readily bear witness to the powers of the organization in bringing home to its members in a manner which they will never forget, the fact that they are Catholics, that they must be proud of their religion, and that they must combine with their fellow-Catholics, and work with them side by side for a common end.

Beyond the Church Parades the Central Committees have arranged very successful Battalion Excursions on the Easter and Whitsun Bank Holidays, which serve the double purpose of a practice at combined drill and of a day in the country. A special train is chartered for the event, in which usually from 300 to 500 boys take part. In most cases they travel by train to a station within a good walking distance of the place selected for the excursion, by which means the Brigade secures a good march in the country both coming and returning. When the boys have reached their destination they have an hour's battalion drill, the rest of the day being left for holiday making, but in the afternoon they always have tea together. The military discipline, of course, greatly assists the officers in making these arrangements; the uniform, the division into companies under their own commanders, and the regular formation to which the boys are accustomed, rendering all organization very easy. Besides the excursions, the Battalion Committee arranges occasional marches out, and fixes an annual inspection of all the London Companies by some prominent officer.

The event in the history of the Brigade, under the last-named heading, which perhaps showed it at the greatest advantage, was the Royal Review of Boys' Brigades, which was held in connection with the Coronation, in June, 1902, on the Horse Guards Parade by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. In all about 12,000 boys took part therein, including representatives from the Boys' Brigade, the Church Lads' Brigade, the London Diocesan Church Lads' Brigade, and the Catholic Boys' Brigade. The last-mentioned, the youngest of the organizations concerned, was only able to muster just over 600 boys; but the latter did their work so well and impressed the onlookers so favourably by their smartness and good appearance, that the London *Times* selected them for a special word



of praise. From a Catholic point of view the event was unique. For, as far as the writer knows, it was the first time that Catholic working boys not only from all parts of London, but from Leeds, Sheffield, Bolton, and Arundel, had all appeared together side by side as the Catholic Brigade, all under one leader and all around the same standard, which, by the way, one of the London newspapers described as "a Papal banner fluttering in the wind."

But by far the most important annual arrangement of the Battalion Committee has been the Summer Camp, which is held every August at Effingham, in Surrey, and which enables the members of the Brigade for a nominal charge of five shillings each to obtain a week's holiday in the country. During August of the present year,\*for example, over 400 boys were boarded and lodged under canvas for seven days, with most satisfactory results. Obviously this confers a great physical and social benefit on the boys, for if it were not for the Summer Camp, a large number of the members could not otherwise secure a holiday. Again, the military organization renders the camping arrangements possible, but their execution, it must be remembered, is entirely due to the generosity of the officers concerned, who voluntarily take upon themselves the heavy burden of being in charge. Anybody who has shared in the arrangements for a single day's excursion into the country for a number of boys will be able to judge of the hard labour entailed by the difficult process of sleeping and feeding 400 boys under canvas for a whole week. As in all the other similar arrangements of the Brigade, disciplined enjoyment is the ideal aimed at. Every boy has to parade in full uniform for a short drill in the morning, every boy has to take his share in the necessary work, every boy is made to understand that those who wear the uniform of the Catholic Boys' Brigade must do nothing to bring discredit on it. Many incidents connected with Camp could be quoted as illustrations of its utility. The Church Parade for Sunday Mass in the open air is a most impressive sight, which has considerably astonished any non-Catholic visitors who have chanced to be present. Last year, to give another example, one of the boys met with a serious accident, from which it is pleasing to note he afterwards recovered, but the doctor displayed considerable anxiety about him at first, and ordered that he should not be disturbed by the least noise. The same day over 300 boys marched into

Camp without those in the hospital tent being aware of the fact. Both these examples are clearly significant of the influence for good which the Brigade has upon the boys. Of course the Camp is most popular with them, and during the past year Summer Camps have also been held at Arundel, Sheffield, and Bolton by provincial companies.

The advantages conferred by the Brigade upon the boys are too numerous to mention. The drill, the gymnastics, the excursions, and the Camp, improve the boys physically in a marked degree, as can be seen by comparing the raw recruit with the regular member of a year's standing. The smart uniform fixes a standard of personal cleanliness amongst the boys, which is a distinct gain. The boy who wears a smart uniform soon begins to pay attention to his own appearance when in mufti, which means a decided advance socially and physically. In some districts too it is found that membership of the Brigade confers a definite advantage upon the boys commercially, for employers of labour readily give preference to lads who are known to be clean, smart, and disciplined. The chaplain of one company, for example, regularly receives applications for boys from employers in his neighbourhood.

The spiritual advantages have proved even greater than the temporal. To begin with, the Brigade has one striking effect upon the boys in this direction, in that it makes them select Catholic companions as their friends, more so than is the case with the confraternity or the club, the reason for which is obvious. The Brigade brings its members together for so many different purposes that the boys are placed in contact with one another much more frequently than in other organizations. Beyond this the indirect Catholic influence of the Brigade is remarkable. The boy who had dropped going to Mass since leaving school, attends the Church Parades, and soon recognizes his duty again. Each company of the Brigade arranges a parade for Easter Holy Communion, which in many cases has not only brought boys back to the sacraments, but has been the means of placing under instruction those who by some mischance have left school without making their First Holy Communion. Where a Boys' Confraternity is working side by side with the Brigade, the latter supplies new members for the former. Every priest and every officer who has had experience in the work will most willingly bear witness to these facts, and will speak most enthusiastically of the possibilities of the

organization. Moreover, it would seem as if circumstances were conspiring to compel the boys of the Brigade to remember that they are Catholics, for at all kinds of Catholic social functions boys in uniform are greatly in request as programme sellers and stewards, whilst it is quite unusual now to witness a Catholic outdoor procession without its Boys' Brigade Band.

The only serious criticism which has been urged against the work of the Brigade is the expense that it entails. As at present arranged, each local company has to bear its own expenses except for Camp, for which a charge of five shillings per head is made against each company, the remainder being secured by an appeal issued by the Central Committee. The complete uniform costs about £1 per boy: the disused carbine about two shillings. To begin a drum and fife band about £15 is required, and if instructors have to be paid, a regular weekly payment is incurred. It would therefore seem that a poor mission, already deeply involved in debt, cannot face expenditure of this character. As to the actual net cost of running a company, Father Segesser, in the paper already mentioned, gives some interesting figures gathered from those experienced in the matter:

To run a company of one hundred boys, it has been found from experience that about £100 a year is needed. This £100 includes the cost of sending some of the boys to Camp, and the various excursions, over and beyond the expense of maintaining the company. It has always been a principle of the Brigade that the boys should do their share towards the expenses. It has been found that by their weekly payments, by their contributions for uniforms, by their payments for the bank holiday excursions and the Camps, the boys contribute at least one-quarter of the maintenance of the company. By means of public displays and entertainments, another addition to the funds of the company is easily made, so that two-fifths of the total cost of the company should be raised locally. To put the matter plainly, the question is this,—Is £60 a year too large a sum to spend for keeping 100 boys in touch with the Church and for making them good practising serviceable Catholics? I could point to a mission in London where Catholics are toiling and working every week in the year, and are spending about £500 a year for their Elementary Schools, from which the results obtained do not compare with the benefits of the local company of the Brigade, which costs the priest in charge about £50 a year, the greater part of which he obtains from friends outside the mission.

The question of finances, it must be admitted, is a great difficulty from every point of view. In their annual appeals for

Camp, the Central Committee have found that the Catholic public generally are far from responsive. Up to the present year, had it not been for the lavish generosity of one benefactor, the annual Camp could not have been held. Last year, for example, a total subscription list of £278 included one contribution of £150. Considering the excellent record of work which the Brigade has already accomplished, and taking into account the crying need for efforts of this character amongst Catholic working boys, a stronger list of subscribers might be reasonably hoped for.

The greatest need of the Brigade, however, at the present time is workers. Despite its present hopeful position, those concerned in its direction do not disguise their anxiety for the future mainly on this account. So far all the head-quarters work of the organization has been materially handicapped from the fact that those responsible for it have already considerable demands made upon their time by their positions in local companies. In some cases too, it has been found unfortunately that the removal of a priest, or the withdrawal of an officer, has resulted in the decline of Brigade work in certain districts. In some of the poorer missions, where a company could be started, the priests in charge are already overburdened with work, and have no laymen who could assist them in this direction. Surely there must be in the whole of Catholic London a number of Catholic young men of position and leisure, who could spare a little time for this work, who could devote regularly week by week an evening or two evenings to a company where helpers are needed. The work requires determination and persistency, but the good results from it will more than repay those concerned for all the labour expended.

At the present time the question of Catholic Secondary Schools is receiving considerable attention from Catholics generally. It will therefore not be amiss to point out how in one respect Catholic Colleges and Secondary Schools have not followed an excellent example set them by their leading non-Catholic contemporaries. All the latter have their College or School Settlements in the poorer districts of London or in some of our larger towns, which organize social work amongst the poor in various ways. The workers usually consist of "old boys" of the Colleges concerned, and the funds are provided by the past and present students. Of course Catholic Schools with their restricted resources cannot be expected to do as

much as their more fortunately circumstanced rivals. But would it not be an excellent means of bringing our Catholic men of the future in touch with Catholic social work, if our chief Catholic Colleges and Schools would each help in some way a company of the Catholic Boys' Brigade in one of the poorer districts of London. The "old boys" of the School could no doubt easily find one amongst their number who would take an active part in its working, and the interest of all connected with the School could be obtained in many obvious ways.

If this account of the doings of the Catholic Boys' Brigade should possibly interest any one in its work, a copy of its last Annual Report can be secured on application to head-quarters, The Presbytery, 1, Parker's Row, Dockhead, London, S.E.

JOHN W. GILBERT.

## *The Member for Fairdale.*

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### CHAPTER XII.

#### LADY DIMSDALE'S STORY.

As autumn advanced into winter Ronald Dare began to appreciate the effects of his new position and of the friendship with which Mr. Dacres regarded him.

From the obscurity in which he had hitherto lived among the rank and file of scantily-briefed barristers, he now began to mount the social ladder three steps at a time. Society beamed upon him, pouring down its invitation-cards thick and fast, so that, what between work and so-called pleasure, the young member had no time to be either dull or lazy.

The great-little world of London has a way of guarding its portals sternly against any unlucky mortal who does not possess a Cerberus-sop for its propitiation. Now, a seat in Parliament, and still more, friendship with Cabinet Ministers, are among the morsels which are potent in securing entrance into the fold of "Society."

Besides these advantages Ronald was gifted with abilities which were certainly above the average. He had read somewhat widely and he remembered what he read. Above all he possessed the priceless gift of knowing when to talk and when to be silent. He was often interesting, often amusing, never ponderous or didactic. He was that very rare being a good listener, and he could talk with interest, which was no doubt sometimes assumed, upon the subjects which happened to occupy the thoughts of those to whom he was speaking. This last quality, which is almost universal amongst well-bred Italians, is curiously uncommon with Englishmen who are otherwise well equipped.

A few days after his maiden speech, Ronald found on his breakfast-table a large envelope containing an invitation to an



At Home at Lady Louisa Dacres' house in Grosvenor Square, a week later.

It was a big crush, and Ronald found himself surrounded for the most part by strangers. Still, there were many whose acquaintance he had made at other parties, and others whom he had met in the House of Commons smoking-room. One of the latter was Rutland, Mr. Sowerby's private secretary, to whom Dare had taken rather a fancy. He was a tall, strongly-built man of about five-and-forty who looked more like a guardsman than a politician; still politics was the only thing he cared for, and in the game of politics Mr. Sowerby was his great hero.

"He's the only real statesman that we've got left, Mr. Dare," he said, as he and Ronald were chatting in a corner of one of Lady Louisa's drawing-rooms. "He's the only one who knows what he wants and is determined to get it."

"I admire him too," replied Ronald. "But I won't go so far, as to call him our only statesman. There's Dacres, for instance, he has a good record if anyone ever had."

"Dacres? Oh, yes, he's a good lieutenant. But I wouldn't give twopence for the Party just now if Sowerby wasn't here. He's the only man whom the Opposition fear."

"A thousand pounds to a cake you're speaking of Sowerby," said a voice behind them. "Is not this Mr. Dare? Pray introduce me, Rutland."

"Mr. Dare, oblige me by becoming acquainted with Lord Charteris—a great friend of mine and a keen enemy too," said Rutland.

Of course Ronald had heard of the prominent Liberal peer; and he was pleased and somewhat flattered at his wishing for his acquaintance. Lord Charteris was a clean-shaven, fair-haired man of whom it was difficult to say whether he was thirty or fifty. As a fact he was rather older than fifty, and had once upon a time held office in a Liberal Administration. But that was years ago, and no one ever now thought of him as a possible Minister. He was not made of the right stuff to run in harness, and he had not been a member of that long-past Government for more than a few months before the Prime Minister of the day found it out. He had his own views about nearly everything, and these views he insisted upon pressing upon all and sundry—not indeed in society, for that would have made him a bore, which he certainly was not. But in the councils and

agreements by which Governments are held together, it was found that Lord Charteris, instead of sinking his individuality and merging his smaller opinions in those of his chief, insisted upon giving them prominence, not only in secret deliberations, which would have been pardonable, but now and then in the House of Lords itself.

Since then, though as a vigorous speaker and a strong Liberal, he had taken part in debates, he had ceased to be a factor of any importance in the political arena. If only he had not been a peer he would certainly have made his mark, either as a free-lance below the gangway, or as a leader of a cave. Now, the House of Lords does not lend itself either to free-lances or Adullamites, and Lord Charteris, who heartily wished that he could be rid of his peerage and sit in the Lower House, was fain to make the best of a position which half the world envied, at least as much as he hated it.

"Well, you've won your cake, Charteris," said Rutland, when Dare and the peer had exchanged compliments. "I was speaking of Sowerby sure enough."

"And so are many other people all over the country," replied Charteris. "Well, he certainly does not let us be dull whatever else he may do. I wish he would bring in a bill to let peers sit in the House of Commons. Couldn't you persuade him, Rutland?"

"I shan't try," answered the other. "Why, who would be left in the Upper House? A few Law Lords, a handful of Bishops, and one or two Generals whose work is over. No, let the Liberals do away with the House of Lords if they can."

"The Liberals can't," replied Charteris, ruefully. "I wish they could. But Sowerby can do anything according to you."

"Except alter the Constitution," replied Dacres; "but the 'funny man' is going to amuse us. Had not we better listen to him?"

This interval allowed Ronald time to look around him a bit. It was a brilliant scene enough. The value of the floral decorations alone would, at a moderate estimate, have been enough to support a family in comfort for a year, and indeed it no doubt did so to the family of the florist. The shaded electric lights cast a softly-brilliant glow over a perfect kaleidoscope of colour—the dark tones of the men's evening dress only serving to throw into greater relief the latest extravagances of

the prevailing *modes*, while jewels galore flashed on necks and arms, like living points of flame. For some minutes Dare fed his eyes upon the brilliant scene, but his thoughts soon strayed far away from London and its surroundings. The "funny man," as Rutland had called him, was either not funny enough or else Ronald's mind was not in tune with his fooling. Anyhow his imagination wandered down into Somersetshire, listening to the murmuring winds and breathing in the sweet breezes from over fields of rich pasture lands. Once more he was, in spirit, near nature's heart, as he had been in the glory of summer and autumn; and the longing to look once more into Gertrude's clear eyes, and to hear the tones of her voice, gripped him with greater intensity than ever.

Certainly the so-called distractions of society are no more likely to cure a sore heart than a visit to the parrot-house at the Zoo would be likely to cure a headache. And thus, though surrounded by an unquestionably "smart set," Ronald found himself as heart-sore as ever.

One thing that greatly troubled him was the fact that he had heard no tidings whatever from Pine Court since the day on which he had turned his back upon it. He was frequently wondering how Gertrude had faced the crisis and how her father had acted, and a vague feeling of uneasiness shivered down his spine when he tried to picture Sir Richard's attitude towards a Catholic daughter.

The sudden crash with which the "funny man" brought his entertainment to a close brought Ronald back to the shores of reality, and when the subdued applause died away he was a little startled by hearing something hard and metallic fall with a rattle at his feet. He stooped mechanically, and picked up a handsome jewelled bracelet which was lying within an inch of his shoe. He was looking round in search of the owner when he felt himself gently touched on the left arm by a shut-up fan, and glancing round he beheld a graceful-looking lady smiling her thanks, as she held out her hand for the bracelet. Ronald immediately recognized her as Lady Dimsdale, an acquaintance in whose drawing-rooms he had occasionally spent an hour or so. From the usual platitudes he soon drifted into a stream of small talk. "The woman with the bracelet," as Ronald mentally called her, was just like hundreds of other society women, and was characterized by the same artificial finish, from the top of her golden *coiffure* to the French heels of her satin-

shod feet. She was a typical product of the machinery of an over-wrought civilization.

"Hasn't town been intolerable lately with the fogs?" said she. "Really, if I hadn't been for a few days in the country last week, I should have been suffocated. What bad men you are to have a session at this horrible time of year."

"But you are not in Parliament, Lady Dimsdale?"

"No, you funny man, but Sir James is, and besides, even if he wasn't, one must be in town when the House is sitting, you know."

"And where did you go to the other day?" asked Ronald, not because he was in the least interested, but merely for something to say.

He would have stood aghast with wonder if any one had told him that Lady Dimsdale could possibly say anything to which he would care to listen. And yet she was destined within the next few moments to shake his whole moral being.

"Oh, we were down at Longacre Park, in Somerset. Know it at all? Deadly dull, of course, quite impossible for more than two or three days, but no fogs, you know. Sir Harry Ludlow and my husband were at Eton or somewhere together, and never lost sight of each other. So once in a hundred years we run down to vegetate among the natives."

At the mention of the name "Longacre," Ronald pricked up his ears, and every trace of languor and boredom vanished from his face.

Was he, at last, and from such an utterly unlooked-for quarter, to hear news of Gertrude? For, as he well knew, Sir Harry Ludlow was M.F.H. in that part of Somerset, and Longacre was only a matter of seven miles from Pine Court.

Until that moment Dare had had no idea that any one in his set was even remotely connected with the neighbourhood to which so much of his thoughts was given, and his feelings, on hearing the familiar names so glibly spoken by Lady Dimsdale, can better be imagined than described.

"By the way, it was not quite so sleepy as usual at Longacre this time," she continued, in her high-pitched voice; "the aborigines were actually excited in a mild kind of way by something which happened back in the summer. It seems there had been a real live scandal at a place close by, I mean some six or seven miles away. Regular Adelphi drama in real life, don't you know."

"A scandal, Lady Dimsdale?" exclaimed Ronald, trying to speak in an unconcerned voice, though his heart was thumping against his throat. "What kind of scandal?"

"Ha! ha!" she laughed. "Curiosity! I swear that men have as much of it as women. Now you're dying to hear all about it, aren't you? Well, it seems that there was a dreadful old ogre of a father who vulgarly turned his only daughter out of doors—such horribly bad form—and only because she wanted to be a Roman Catholic! Why on earth shouldn't she, if she liked? It was only a whim, of course, like ping-pong, or collecting postcards. I'm not a Roman myself, of course, but I always make a point of going to hear dear Signor Capri sing at High Mass whenever I can. It's so out of date to be bigoted, don't you think so, and I just love the Signor in Gounod's Masses, only I always think the incense is rather overpowering—something like hot potatoes and *eau-de-Cologne*, don't you know."

Dare never could tell afterwards what he said, or by what mighty effort of self-control he kept from stamping with anger. It was as much as he could do to refrain from bursting in upon this inane chatter, and make the woman with the bracelet come back to the point. He mastered himself enough to conceal the intense eagerness which he felt to hear about the so-called scandal, and inwardly anathematizing "dear Signor Capri," he waited until his companion paused for want of breath, to interject a question.

"The name of the girl? Why, I thought I told you. Forester, daughter of a cross-grained baronet who lives at a place called Pine Court. Oh, you want to know what happened? Well, when the Ogre shut his door upon her (I wonder what Sir Richard would say if he heard his new nick-name—suits him down to the ground, anyhow), now, what do you think the girl did? Plucky, I call it. But I don't think I'll tell you until I've made you guess. I bet you won't."

"I never guess and I never bet, so please tell me, Lady Dimsdale," said Ronald, his fingers dug into his palms, and every nerve quivering with impatience.

"Oh, very well then. Be prepared, for I'm going to astonish you very much. The Forester girl actually went to the *Workhouse*! She actually threw herself into the merciful arms of Bumble!" And Lady Dimsdale indulged in a little peal of silvery laughter, and then she continued: "Where was the

lover who ought to have flown to her rescue on his barbed steed, or more likely his bike or motor? If she hasn't got a lover we must invent one for her, mustn't we, Mr. Dare?"

Again she gave a laugh which sent a cold thrill through Ronald's very heart.

"How long did she stay in the Workhouse? you ask," she continued in the same tone of banter. "A few days, I'm afraid. You see she was so awfully knocked up with a chill or something that the doctor daren't let her be moved at first. I believe she was drenched through when she got to the place. Of course the Governor or the manager, or whatever the Bumble is called, soon found out who his interesting patient was, and sent off word post-haste to Pine Court."

"Yes, yes. And what did the Baronet do?" asked Ronald, breathlessly.

"Oh, Sir Ogre couldn't quite swallow the Workhouse, you know; too large an order for the family pride. They say he went himself to get her out of the Union, and in a pretty rage too, I'll be bound. Let's hope he has no ancestral vaults to chain her up in! How romantic and mediæval that would be! But, joking apart, I expect the poor girl is just too wretched for words, and I'm glad I'm not at Pine Court *vis-à-vis* with the Ogre, I can tell you."

"Truly an awful situation," remarked Dare in a strained, unnatural voice.

His heart was beating with heavy thuds, and his one wish was to get out of this gay, chattering crowd, into the street, anywhere, where he could be alone. For one terrible moment he nearly gave himself away and lost control, but by a supreme effort of will he mastered himself and skilfully changed the subject.

The remainder of the evening was like some horrid dream. He watched the gay, moving throng, and heard the music, the chatter and the laughter, but his real self seemed to be in some far-away inner precinct of mental abstraction. Thanks to the drilling he had been through on the parade-ground of London Society, he mechanically acted and spoke as the world expects people to do, and none knew how much his inner man was suffering. The crowded drawing-room would have stood aghast had the mask dropped, or the bearing-rein of conventionality snapped.

But all things come to an end at last, and Dare, to his



unspeakable relief, found himself in the small hours of the morning driving swiftly home in a hansom.

Then, in his own room, he tried to collect his scattered senses. In the silence and solitude of night he sat, with dazed eyes and leaden heart, considering what should be his next move in the great problem of life.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

WEARY and harassed though he was, Ronald could not endure the thought of bed. In his present frame of mind, so-called rest would only have been another form of hard labour. The nearest approach to rest which he could attain to-night, under the stress and storm of conflicting emotions, lay in freedom from repression, and the liberty to give full vent to that restlessness of soul which, like some tormenting spirit, possessed him.

Alone in his smoking-den, Dare sat for some time in the large easy chair, then leaping to his feet, paced backwards and forwards, now and then gazing moodily at the fire, which he seemed too much preoccupied to revive, sometimes looking out over the trees of the Park, which he could just discern through the darkness of the winter night.

At last he once more sank into his easy chair from mere force of habit, taking a cigar from the box on the mantelpiece before he did so, but the fragrant weed was no comfort to him, and after a few whiffs, he threw it impatiently into the fender. Nicotine had no charms for him then; he was beyond the reach of its soothing influence.

In the midst of the revelry by which he had hoped to escape his almost constant pain, the handwriting on the wall had been traced for him. In the quarter where he had least expected it, he had not merely had the half-healed wounds torn rudely open, but a new and unthought-of bitterness had been added to them. Even the flippant talk of a London drawing-room had been destined to plunge him back into the sea of unhappiness from which he had vainly trusted that it would release him.

And now that this new event had come to him, what was he to do? Never before had he felt so hopelessly torn away from

Gertrude as he did now. Never had he tasted the bitterness of self-abasement as he now tasted it. Never before had he realized how immeasurably higher than himself was this single-minded, straightforward girl. He, the rising M.P., who was the *protégé* of Cabinet Ministers and a welcome guest in some of the best houses of London, was humbled to the dust, because of a girl who had had the courage of her principles while he had been an arrant coward. He literally seemed to shrink and lose stature as he reflected upon the difference between himself and her. And yet, counting on the position which his cowardice had purchased for him, he had dared to claim her hand from her father, knowing well that her father would have disdained his suit had he known him for what he really was.

As the hours of this hideous night wore on, the plain alternative, shorn of all pretence and sham, glared in its true colours before him. He had to choose between reparation and infamy, and that decision must be made now, immediately. The choice lay between things temporal and things eternal, and the conflict was to be fought out to-night, with his own soul as the battleground. The mere fact of postponement implied surrender to evil and a casting-in of his lot with the lost.

On which side would victory lie? For Gertrude, the battle was over and won. She who had but lately found the Faith had conquered in the power of right, while he whose mind had been moulded in boyhood in Catholic principles, had been hobnobbing with the enemy, playing fast and loose with his religion, a traitor to God. Gertrude had shown her loyalty in a readiness to sacrifice, not mere ambition of place and power, but human affection, life-long ties, nay, her very home itself, with all that that sacred word implies.

Dare did not blink a single iota of the cruel facts which hemmed him in on all sides, and mocked at him with accusing fingers whichever way he turned. With all his weakness, he was too honest for that. And thus he faced his misery, through that long winter night, alone. And yet he had never been less alone than now. The very silence of his room was clamorous with the batterings and struggles of vain regrets, which filled the mental atmosphere and vibrated in the most secret chambers of his soul, crowding into the corners of his consciousness like flocks of imprisoned birds. Dread terrors, after the manner of a subtle, unseen presence, stifled the air with the pressure of

their actuality, until the poor tortured soul felt that it must cry aloud or be smothered by the weight of oppression.

His artificially drugged conscience was drugged no longer, but wide awake, and shrieking reproaches at him in a panic of remorseful terror. The swathing-bands that had held him were loosed, the world no longer lulled him with its kindly though fatal caress, though the devil seemed so near him to-night that he literally shrank from turning his head lest he should encounter the sardonic grin of the Spirit of Evil.

All through these last months of his worldly progress, anything approaching systematic thought had been ruthlessly tabooed. Even when circumstances had left him room to think, ambition, like some giant spectre of the Brocken, had occupied the field of vision; so fully had it riveted his gaze that he never realized how every step he took was, with stupendous reality, bringing him daily and hourly nearer to the edge of the fathomless abyss of eternal death.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### SIR RICHARD'S DECISION.

AND what of Gertrude all this time? After Ronald's precipitate departure, there settled down upon her spirit a heavy cloud of depression—darker and more impenetrable than any that she had anticipated in her worst forebodings for the future.

While we are in the act of passing through some momentous crisis of life, the very impact of the force of the emotion brought to bear upon us, has, strangely enough, the effect of deadening acuteness of sensibility for the time being, much in the same way as physical contact with an icy or red-hot substance momentarily deadens and benumbs our sense of touch.

But after the first tension of the situation is relaxed, and the white heat of the climax has branded heart or brain with its own particular mark, then it is that suffering really sets in, by reason of the pain resulting from reaction.

After the excitement of her strenuous interview with Ronald, and when outward calm had succeeded tempest, Gertrude for the first time began to experience the effects of her chosen course. The after-glow of her resolve faded into the dull neutral tints of those commonplace surroundings resulting from

an environment of wealth and prosperity indigenous to the British Isles, and the invariable prerogative of rich landed gentry. The solid "upholstery" of her temporal habitation appeared incongruous to a woman just deprived of her heart's treasure, while the daily round of county society and upper class idleness jarred upon wounded nerves instead of acting as an anodyne. All Gertrude's sensibilities had been strung to their highest pitch, even before the fingers of the tragic muse had swept across them in the recent Duet of Human Passion and Abnegation, and now, after having faced the music, nothing remained for the loyal-natured girl but to enter upon this new phase of her existence as bravely as she could, despite the chilling atmosphere consequent on the fading of the glamour of her romance.

Moreover, temperament has much to answer for, in human weal or woe, and has a very large share in the colouring of life's tapestry. Had Gertrude been in the least abnormal instead of, as she was, a perfectly normal character, she would in all probability not have suffered so much and so silently. A girl who is capable of carrying her needlework to the parting of the ways between her lover and herself, is likewise capable of drawing largely upon a practically inexhaustible fund of patient endurance, and of imperceptibly wearing away under the influence of undeviating fidelity, whether the object of such fidelity is worthy or not. The abnormal opposite of such a soul, on the contrary, is prone to rise like the phoenix from the ashes of burnt-out emotions and renew its youth like the eagle, to explore fresh regions in the psychic universe, and enter spheres of unclouded space, while patient Griseldas keep tryst with days that are dead. Gertrude belonged to the latter type; draughts from the waters of Nepenthe were not for her, any more than a resurrection of the phoenix order; hers was essentially a soul uninitiated into the transcendent mysteries of life, and therefore many things in Heaven and earth were undreamt of in her philosophy.

But "love" and "Ronald" notwithstanding, there still remained over and above both the one and the other, a very important factor to be reckoned with. Although Gertrude was not yet a Catholic, she was nevertheless on the threshold of the True Church; she had gone so far as to put her hand to the plough, and it was high time for her to set to work to drive her furrow forthwith. Humanly speaking, it promised to be a

long, lonely furrow; for the laws and canons regulating the lives of her kith and kin were cast in the rigid mould of Anglican Conservatism, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, alter not for the old British Tory.

We need hardly add that such traditions are the very antithesis of the Catholic standard. What concord hath apotheosis of the lion and the unicorn and a State "Church" with the Papal Flag and the Throne of the Fisherman?

The thought of her father filled the poor girl with nervous dread. Should she take the bold plunge of breaking the news of her conversion now, or wait until she was actually received?

Further, what would be her father's attitude touching her break with Ronald? Now that this former "ineligible" had duly qualified as an "eligible" in the world-school of competition, her rejection of him would have all the appearance of perversity in the prejudiced eyes of society.

Naturally, Sir Richard would exact some reason for such apparently whimsical behaviour. Already he had begun to make the most embarrassing remarks on Ronald's hasty exit from the domestic scene. After the cordial greeting he had met with, his disappearance, at practically a moment's notice, on the vague pretext of "business in town," looked odd, to say the least. Gertrude instinctively felt that (bar the lie absolute) she could not put off her father much longer. Stereotyped excuses were falling flat, the real reason must be given sooner or later; dally as she would, she must reach the end of the passage at last, and find herself in the *cul de sac* of the situation. Why not hasten her steps, instead of postponing the evil day?

It was well over a week since her momentous interview with Ronald, and what was the use of prolonging the misery and dreariness that had set in like a dense clinging fog when the sunshine of love was eclipsed? After much wretchedness of self-interrogation as to ways and means, she was on the point of taking her courage in both hands for the final step, when her father mercifully brought matters to a head on the eleventh morning following ordeal number *one*.

Strolling in the grounds enjoying an after-breakfast smoke, Sir Richard unexpectedly found himself face to face with his daughter, whose increasing restlessness began to make her feel the limitations of her home all too strait. Possibly the sight of her called up irritating memories of Dare; be this as it may,

Gertrude and her father no sooner confronted one another than the latter opened fire as follows :

"Another post in and no news from Dare! Extraordinary, most extraordinary! Don't know what to make of him. I not only gave him a hearty reception, but I as good as gave him to understand that I accepted him as my future son-in-law ; and instead of taking the gifts the gods give him, he bolts out of the place without any explanation beyond that absurd scrawl he left behind him. I call it positively insulting. Parliament or no Parliament, he is not going to play fast and loose with you, or come and go as if this place was an hotel to suit his convenience—if he thinks his own affairs are high and mighty enough to make him 'Lord Paramount,' he is reckoning without his host and no mistake. Dare may be a precious clever fellow, and I don't say that he has not engineered this last move of his uncommonly well, but before he is many hours or days older he shall let me know how the land lies as to his relations *here*. I'll have no trifling and shilly-shallying. Much good my giving my consent seems to have done!"

More followed this outburst in a similarly caustic strain, every word telling Gertrude only too plainly that ordeal number *two* was imminent. In as calm a tone as she could command she then and there put the question that had been trembling on the tip of her tongue for days.

"Father, when can I speak to you quietly and alone? Out here will not do, I have something on my mind, something particular which I *must* tell you. And," with a sudden shake of her voice, "wait until you have heard me before you condemn Ronald."

"Something particular to tell me? *Don't condemn Ronald* ; what on earth are you driving at? Out with it, and let's have no silly mysteries. 'Garden won't do?' Then come along to the smoking-room in half an hour ; though why you can't speak here just as well beats me." And with this sudden parting shot Sir Richard tramped off towards the house, leaving behind him a crushed heap of apologizing misery.

To Gertrude the half-hour's interim before her "bad quarter of an hour," seemed to lengthen itself out with exasperating expansiveness.

To go back to the house was not to be thought of ; for she had the sense to see that she was best on her feet in the open, if she wanted to succeed in bracing her wits for the task before her.



The sunshine of earlier morning had given place to rainy, driving clouds; a chill wind had sprung up, its fitful gusts agitating trees and shrubs, as though "the powers of the air" were abroad, impatiently shaking branches and twigs with unseen giant hands.

A group of noisy sparrows were quarrelling violently a few yards distant, over some tiny storm in the teacup of their existence. To the over-wrought girl, Nature was out of tune, and jangled discordantly on her nerves. When raindrops began to fall rapidly and the wind whirled the gravel dust in small eddies hither and thither, she thankfully heard the distant stable clock clang out the half-hour, and fled from the companionship of her own thoughts just in time to escape a smart shower.

A moment more found Gertrude knocking at the door of the smoking-room.

Had she been capable of *Dantesque* emotions she would have felt as though she were "leaving all hope behind," ere entering there; but having no sort of *attrait* for tragedy, domestic or otherwise, even when it played a prominent part in the drama of events, she merely attributed a sense of weakness in the region of her knees to cowardice and was correspondingly ashamed.

She knocked, and knocked again, louder this time. No answer. Then, with sudden desperation born of fear, she turned the handle of the door and walked into the room—to find herself confronted by—emptiness!

Someone or something had, it was plain, made Sir Richard over time; and mustering all her patience, Gertrude tried to keep down the nervous qualms and tremors that threatened to sap her courage.

While the rain rattled on the window pane, and the clouds gradually cleared from ink and water colour to make way for patches of faint blue, she paced up and down the treadmill of suspense, otherwise a Turkey carpet, in that painful state of tension when weak flesh shrinks from confronting the Medusa gaze of some impending stony grief.

In the midst of the tempestuous silence of her agitation, she found herself noting minutely small trivial details of her surroundings, which would never have engaged a second's attention under usual conditions. With a kind of dull surprise she saw that the square which carpeted the room was wearing

thin in places, and that a path marked the foot of time from door to fireplace. The great leather arm-chair, pulled up to the hearth, where a fire burnt more or less winter and summer, also showed signs of being past its first youth, particularly about the back, where marks of friction indicated where "the rub" was.

Some half-dead roses cut off in their prime, lay dejectedly huddled together by the side of an old briar pipe, and an empty open match-box, on a small odd table; the sickly smell of the faded flowers, mingling with the heavier odour of stale tobacco, reminded Gertrude how she had laid the roses aside for a minute the day before while looking for her father to give him some small household message. In her nervous preoccupation *à propos* of the bolt from the blue so soon to shatter domestic peace to ruins, she had forgotten roses and many things besides.

Meanwhile the clock on the chimneypiece ticked away, at top speed, as though determined to emulate its more ponderous neighbour in the hall.

Gertrude's uneasiness increased: her cheeks grew hot and her hands grew cold.

Ten minutes; fifteen minutes. Hotter face and colder hands.

Then—a quick step, the opening of the door, and an exclamation of astonishment.

"Halloa! What are you doing here, Gertie? Oh, of course, now I think of it you wanted to talk about something or other, didn't you? Remembered Magistrates' Meeting at Slowborough directly I left you; and had to go round to the stables about that new hunter. Told Taylor to have the dogcart ready directly, so if you've anything to say, sharp's the word."

Gertrude clasped her hands together *hard*.

"Father, I hardly know how to say it; don't make it more difficult for me to tell you, what you must know at once. You are vexed with Ronald now, but it's I whom you will be much more vexed with, I'm afraid. It is all my doing about his going. All because of me that he doesn't come back. He went because I can't—I can't—marry him. Because—because——"

"Because *what*? Can't marry him! What the dickens do you mean?" cut in Sir Richard, testily. "You girls hardly ever do know your own mind. When you can't have what you want you are never satisfied till you get it, and then when you *do* get it, as often as not you don't care for it, or are quite ready to smash your new toy to smithereens like spoilt children

—even when the ‘toy’ happens to be a man’s heart. It was ‘Ronald, Ronald, Ronald,’ and no one else but Ronald, before he made it possible for you to take him. And as soon as he shows he has got ‘stuff’ in him by winning a decent position for himself, you chuck him over like a bad penny. A nice mess you’ve made of it. Dare’s a popular man now, by no means a minnow amongst the Tritons of his clique. There is no saying how he’ll take being jilted, but in my opinion you will deserve all you get.”

“Wait, father,” gasped Gertrude. “I am not *jilting* him. I want him more than I did before, if possible, and I shall never marry anyone else. The reason why I sent him away is because there will soon be a great change in my life. I am going somewhere where he can’t come—or rather, where he must never follow me for my own sake. Ever since last winter—that memorable winter in Rome with Mrs. Lansdowne’s party—a conviction has been fixing itself more and more firmly in my mind, the conviction that the Roman Church is the only true religion, and Rome itself the very centre of Christianity. Bear with me a moment longer while I assure you that my conversion did not originate in any sudden or startling way; nor was it due to any violent or uncontrolled emotions. It was not a matter of impulse at all. The influence of Rome stole over me gradually, almost taking me unawares at first, until it dawned upon me that I had broken loose from my old moorings and could no longer subscribe myself as a Protestant. How *could* I protest against all that was holy and beautiful and Divine? For it is that Light and no other that I see shedding its lustre around the Papal Throne. I said to myself, here is religion indeed. Not a cold dead thing like the substitute for a religion I left behind me in England, but a Living Body. My eyes were opened, and like a little child I cried, ‘Teach me!’ I went to Rome a Protestant, or an Anglican, for it does not matter which you call me, and came back a Catholic at heart, though not by baptism.”

To say that Sir Richard was *angry* is far too mild a term to describe his state when Gertrude at last drew breath and ventured to raise her eyes to his.

There are two phases of anger, the hot and the cold. Sir Richard was a prey to the latter. From impatient sarcasm he gradually froze to an icy severity during his daughter’s disclosure of “her secret;” and if a thermometer existed for

the registration of emotional temperature, the quicksilver would certainly have fallen alarmingly in the frigid atmosphere of the smoking-room at Pine Court that morning. At first the angry man was positively speechless. His expression (a combination of rage and dismay) augured ill for his unhappy child.

As she looked into his hard eyes and saw the tight compression of the lips and the clench of his hand on the arm of the chair, she instinctively felt that her worst fears were realized, and that another crisis in her life had come. If he had raged and stormed, she would have shrunk under the lash of his words, but she would not have endured the annihilating chill of that impenetrable barrier of unapproachableness that now loomed between her and her father like a blank wall. A shiver ran through her frame, and the familiar scene looked strange and unreal, as though beheld in a semi-comatose condition. For a minute she seemed slipping from the control of her will, and longed to scream aloud, to break the soul-crushing pressure of silence. If she had been the typical heroine of a novel she would have slid sideways to the floor in a dead faint, but being no creation of romance and only a healthy English girl, she stuck to her guns, buoyed up by a merciful strain of the British bulldog tenacity, which "holds on" when sometimes it ought to let loose. In this case, however, it was manifestly her bounden duty to "hold on," and the momentary weakness passed, almost as soon as it was experienced. But her throat was dry, and her tone strained and hoarse as twice she tried to speak and twice failed, before she could frame the one word, "Father!" as she laid her hand in nervous entreaty on his coat sleeve. Sir Richard drew back, raised his eyebrows, and stared stonily over her head, as though entirely occupied with the pattern of the wall paper. Then, in a high, freezing voice, without once looking in the direction of his daughter, he delivered himself as follows:

"After your communication, Gertrude, you surely are not mad enough to expect me to evince much pleasure or affection. Besides breaking off your relations with Mr. Dare, you have been deliberately deceiving me for months [Oh, unjust Sir Richard], living here under false pretences as a member of the Church of England, all the time that you meant to be a Roman Catholic sooner or later. No member of this family has ever had part or lot with Papists; and I warn you that unless you retract your new profession of faith and conform without delay

to the beliefs and practices of the Established Church, you will remain my daughter only in name. I refuse absolutely to be the first of the Foresters to harbour an opponent of the English Church and State, and what's more, no priest shall ever set foot in Pine Court while *I* am alive. You will choose therefore between your father and Romanism. You are of age, and coercion I will not condescend to. Your father, then, or your new religion, one or other, but never *both*. There, you have my answer in a nutshell. Go, think it over (if you are rational enough to reason about anything), and come to me here at the same time to-morrow. Until then, we meet only in a formal manner at table before the servants."

The next instant the door of the room was flung wide open, and Gertrude's straining eyes saw Sir Richard as he strode resolutely across the hall and clambered into his waiting dogcart.

## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

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### **A Universal Language.**

IN these days, when both commercial and social intercourse unite so many nations together, the want of a universal language is seriously felt. It was natural that attempts should be made to provide one, and some ten years ago Volapük was confidently put forward as suitable for the purpose, if only it could be taken up, and given a fair chance. We must confess to an almost complete ignorance of its character, but it apparently failed, for we hear little of it now. But lately Esperanto has superseded it as a claimant for our support, and this is being extensively advertized at the present moment in this country, whilst in France, thanks to the patronage of the Touring Club, it has gained many supporters. The idea of Esperanto is to take roots which have the best claim to be international in their use, and construe them in accordance with an extremely simple system of accidence and of word formation. Thus *esper* is a root signifying "hope." With the suffix *o* it becomes the noun *espero*, "hope;" with the suffix *a* it becomes the adjective "hopeful;" and with the suffix *e* it becomes the adverb "hopefully;" with *i* added it becomes the infinitive "to hope;" and with *as, is, os, us, u, u*, it becomes respectively the present, past, or future tense, or the conditional, imperative, or subjunctive mood of the verb. *Ant-a* added makes the present participle, and *esper-ant-o* is the participial noun "hoping." Objective cases are made by adding *n*, and plurals by adding *j* (pronounced *y*) to the root. Again, the suffix *in* denotes the feminine (as *hom-in-o*, a woman); *il* denotes a tool or instrument (as *raz-il-o*, a razor); *id* denotes "offspring of" (as *kat-id-o*, a kitten). As there are no inflections to denote persons of verbs, or cases of nouns other than the objective; and as there are absolutely no irregularities, it will be seen how easily, when once the *root* is known, all the derivatives



can be formed from it by any one who has learnt the grammar. The fact that Esperanto has been warmly recommended by such persons as the late Professor Max Müller and Sir William Ramsay is evidence that it has something solid to say for itself; and from the outline just given a reader may see that, in claiming that the language can be learnt in a couple of hours, its inventors are not indulging in a gross exaggeration. Whether it will really catch on is another question. That it could without difficulty be made available for correspondence, especially for commercial correspondence, is clear, though it is not so clear that its barbarous appearance may not create too great a prejudice against it. That it can prove as useful in conversation is more doubtful, for differences of pronunciation, of intonation, and of idiomatic expression will not be so easy to remove, and as long as they last they will tend to keep persons of different race from understanding one another. Still, if it should prove to be serviceable for correspondence only, that would of itself be a valuable result.

But there is another project for the establishment of a universal language which has been suggested, and which is noticeable not merely for its own sake, but as reminding us of the causes which led to the present Babel. Until the time of the Reformation there was a universal language, known at all events throughout Western Europe. This was of course Latin—not the dead language which we admire in the pages of Cicero and Livy, but the living form of Latin which we meet with in the writings of the theologians and the chroniclers, and which possessed a vocabulary and grammar corresponding with the thoughts and circumstances of the time. Having learnt this language at home during his youth, an educated man could in those days travel through Europe with the pleasant feeling that, though he might not understand the vernacular of the people to whom he came, he could always understand their Latin and they his. Why then did so useful a language cease to be employed? We know that its abandonment was due to a narrow pedantry, which, being well versed in classical Latin, despised this more popular form, and called it barbarous and only fit for barbarians to use. This foolish spirit was dominant even as late as fifty years ago, but it has now lost much of its vitality, for philologists have come to recognize that, in passing through the phases which the classicists thought so barbarous, the Latin of the chroniclers was undergoing the same kind of spontaneous

evolution which is the essential condition of every living language. They have come also to recognize another point, namely, that even in the golden age of Roman literature, side by side with the Latin of the historian or the forensic orator, with its delicately wrought periods and highly polished phraseology, there was another Latin of a more homely character, and more nearly resembling our own in the simplicity of its forms and constructions. It was this which was the language of ordinary life, of trade and commerce, and which spread from the city to the provinces, and so became the seed not merely of the Romance languages, but of the Latin of the chroniclers and theologians in the Middle Ages.

Dr. Colombo's scheme<sup>1</sup>—the scheme alluded to above—is based upon this distinction between classical and commercial Latin. Esperanto, he contends, is an artificial language—as are also the *Langue Bleue*, the *Idiom neutral*, and the *Langue commune*—and artificial languages can never hope to take root and live. Commercial Latin, on the other hand, if killed off by long disuse, can be easily resuscitated, and how suitable it is for the purpose of a universal language! What characterizes it is the elimination of irregularities, such as deponent verbs and abnormal case-governments. Let this eliminating process be completed, and then you have a real language—a language which was really spoken of old, and which is still taught in a vast number of schools. There is indeed a growing tendency to abolish the teaching of Latin; but only let this idea of commercial Latin as a universal means of intercourse be entertained, and the tide of popular favour will turn the other way. Boys, moreover, foreseeing the use to which it can be put in after-life, will resume their Latin studies with zest. This is Dr. Colombo's project. For our part, we doubt if it will prove so easy to carry out as he imagines. To resuscitate a dead language is, in fact, as artificial a process as to invent one on such lines as Esperanto. And, again, what a horrible prospect for the schoolmaster. It may be granted that boys might be got to take interest in an easy and slipshod form of Latin, if likely to be useful to them afterwards. But it is to be feared that this juvenile interest would not extend itself to that study of classical Latin and its beauties which the schoolmaster thinks so good for them.

<sup>1</sup> *Latin Commercial*. Par Dr. Colombo. Paris: Lethellieux.

## Reviews.

### I.—BIBLICAL QUESTIONS.<sup>1</sup>

IN Dr. Bonaccorsi's *Questioni Bibliche* are contained three theological studies ; one on the Vulgate at the Council of Trent, another on the Historical Value of the Hexateuch, and a third on the Catholic doctrine concerning the Interpretation of Scripture. Of these, the last-mentioned is new, but the other two have appeared previously ; the first in the *Scuola Cattolica*, of Milan, the second in the *Studii religiosi*, of Florence ; in both cases in the summer of 1902. In the first the author discusses the Tridentine Decree, which declares the authenticity of the Vulgate version. Is it a dogmatic or only a disciplinary Decree ? Franzelin held it to be dogmatic, and on this basis argued that, in the case of what are called dogmatic texts, the version can nowhere have departed so far from the original text as to intrude—as, for instance, in 1 John v. 3—a dogmatic statement not contained in the corresponding place in the original. Against this, it has been contended by Vercellone and others, that the Decree was only disciplinary ; in other words, that it had for its object not to declare the extent to which it was an accurate rendering of the original, but—pre-supposing that it was substantially correct, and that at all events, in view of its long-established use in the Church, it might be assumed to contain no doctrinal error—to enjoin its use in theological discussions and disputations. There is no doubt that Franzelin's theory was unnecessarily rigid, and that the other is to be preferred. And it is this latter which Dr. Bonaccorsi adopts, defending it with an array of testimonies from prominent authorities who were present at the Council. Of these opinions Vega's has been long known, and has always seemed to us conclusive of itself ; but it is useful to have in its support the testimonies of Bellarmine, in his letters to Sirleto, of Tiletanus, and others.

In Dr. Bonaccorsi's third study his endeavour is to prove

<sup>1</sup> *Questioni Bibliche*. Par G. Bonaccorsi, M.S.L., Dottore in teologia. Bologna : Tipografia Pontificia Mareggiana.

that only such statements of the inspired writers are included in the *depositum fidei* and fall under the interpretative rights of Church authority, as are revealed as well as inspired, and are so intimately connected with the *depositum fidei* that without reference to the former the latter cannot be effectually vindicated. Here, if we understand what Dr. Bonaccorsi means, we cannot agree with him; or rather we cannot allow that any part of Holy Scripture can be withdrawn from the *magisterium ecclesiæ* without the "effectual vindication" of the *depositum fidei* being thereby taken out of its hands—so intimate is the connection between the two classes of Scripture contents, both being recommended to us by the same *testimonium Dei*. True this is what Dr. Bonaccorsi seems to deny. He cites the theories of inspiration of Lessius and Bonfrère, and treats them as still tenable, claiming for the Vatican definition of inspiration that—inasmuch as it does not say that Scripture "is inspired because it has God for its author," but, conversely, that "it has God for its author because it is inspired,"—it cannot be pressed so far as to mean that God makes Himself responsible with a writer's responsibility for every statement in the sacred books. But must we not rather understand that the two clauses of the definition form one whole, each throwing light on the meaning of the other, so that the full meaning is that the sacred books are *written* under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit in such sense that they have God as their *author*? At all events it is thus that the definition is interpreted by the *Providentissimus Deus*.

However, the point thus laboured in the third essay does not seem to be of so much practical importance when compared with the distinction between absolute and relative truth which has been invoked to harmonize the Vatican definition on Inspiration with the facts of the sacred text as they appear to the modern Biblical critic. And this is the point discussed in the essay on the Historical character of the Hexateuch. This second essay has been severely criticized by some Italian writers; so at least we are assured by Dr. Bonaccorsi in his Preface. For our own part we like this second essay. What unfortunately is so usual is that one class of Catholic writers devote their attention to exegesis and higher criticism only and know nothing of theology, whilst another is well versed in theology but has the slightest acquaintance with exegesis and higher criticism. The consequence is that they are at cross-purposes, each prone to condemn the work of the other, and to treat it as pseudo-

science ; and each desiring to force its own conclusions on the other side without regard to the violence done to the methods of the other side which this may involve. The real truth is that each side has a good deal to say for itself, but that each is too apt to deal with the other in a "high *priori*" way ; and what is wanted is a class of students who will be at the pains to learn the methods and the difficulties of both sides. It is this that we like in Dr. Bonaccorsi's study on the Hexateuch. He knows something of Catholic theology, and he knows something of Biblical criticism, and again, in regard to the latter, he knows how to distinguish between critics who are led to extremist conclusions more by philosophical theories than by any critical exigencies, and those who, whilst sincerely anxious to be loyal Catholics, are led to more moderate but still far-reaching conclusions by methods of criticism which obviously commend themselves. It is the conclusions of this latter class that the author has in view, and he gives a short and serviceable account of them. But his essay is theological not critical, and is an endeavour to show that the Vatican Decree on Inspiration, as expounded in the *Providentissimus Deus*, can, without violence being done to it, consist with the above-mentioned conclusions of criticism. The point is, of course, as to the nature of the error which, according to the definition, and its interpretation by Leo XIII., cannot be acknowledged as existing in the inspired books. It is allowed by theologians of every class that where an inspired writer records his facts as traditions handed down, or as opinions credited by the current opinion of the times, without the intention to guarantee their correction by any independent affirmation of his own—it is consistent with inspiration that such facts should not always be objectively true. The question which is controverted is as to when the writer must be held to give such a guarantee, and when not.

It is impossible to enter now into the particulars of the author's very interesting discussion of this point, but the pith of his contention may be put briefly thus. A modern historian, engaged in studying the first origins of his race, desires not merely to record what he finds in his sources, but to test these latter by the surest tests he can find, so as to judge how much of objective truth there may be in their narratives ; and when his judgment is at last formed he is careful to tell us how much is in his opinion certainly objective, how much is not, and how much is doubtful. An ancient historian, under the same

circumstances, did not concern himself overmuch with reaching the purely objective; he was content simply to report what he found in previous writers, or ancient traditions, and did not even mind at times adding a certain amount of colouring from his own imagination, to form as it were a background to the picture. Of course, as a rule, he believed in the traditions he was reporting, but there is no reason to suppose he meant to go beyond the office of reporter by pledging his own authority for the objective truth of the narratives; and that this was the customary state of mind of such a writer may be further gathered from the occasional interpolations of "it is said" which we find, for instance, in Herodotus. If then, argues Dr. Bonaccorsi, with others, this was an ancient historian's method outside the race of Israel, is it not likely that it was so with the writers of Israel who—especially in the story of their origins which, whilst differing so much in its ethical complexion from those of other races, so closely resembles them in its character of a story? It is at all events presumable that their natural disposition would be to write like others of their age and stage of cultivation, and that being so is it not possible that the Holy Spirit, in choosing them to be writers of the sacred books, had regard to this natural disposition, and inspired them to write after this manner? Was it not possible, that is to say, for the Holy Spirit to bid them write thus, as recorders of traditions (which had been preserved incorrupt as regards substantial points and religious questions)—without departure from the character of inspiration as expounded by the Vatican Council?

This is the main theory which the author of *Questioni Bibliche* seeks to prove. We can see difficulties in it, to some of which his critics have called attention. But there are difficulties too, and those of the gravest kind, in the theories of his critics, and our own feeling is that at all events such discussions as the present are most valuable now-a-days, and ought to be carried on with the utmost friendliness among the disputants.

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## 2.—ROSA MYSTICA.<sup>1</sup>

As the time approaches for the celebration of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception new books on our Blessed Lady are beginning to multiply. The one which has just reached us is

<sup>1</sup> *Rosa Mystica. Mariæ Immaculatae tributum jubileum.* By Kenelm Digby Best, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London: Washbourne, Laslett, 1904.



by Father Digby Best, of the London Oratory. As the author reasonably pleads for himself, "one who in reciting Divine Office for nearly fifty years has said, '*dignare me laudare te Virgo Sacrata*,' may be permitted to reveal and record the thoughts about our Lady which during that time have had a place in his heart and on his lips." We quote his words because they exactly describe the character of these outpourings. They are quiet thoughts and explanations such as one might expect in the evening of his days from a venerable priest who has spent so many years in God's service, and has often been called upon to address simple and fervent addresses from the pulpit. The book is entitled *Rosa Mystica*—"a title given by the Fathers of Chiesa Nuova to the beautiful church our St. Philip built"—and contains two parts, of which the first is on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, and the second on "other Joys, Sorrows, and Glories of Mary," these others being such as her Immaculate Conception, her Nativity, her Espousals, her Expectation, and so on.

As befits a Jubilee "homage to the Queen conceived without original sin" Father Digby Best brings out his new book in an *édition de luxe*, a handsome quarto volume, bound in white vellum, with blue and gilt lettering, and containing between forty and fifty half-tone plates, all full-page. It is these plates which will first arrest a reader's attention, but we cannot speak in the same terms of them all. Some are very creditably executed, but others are somewhat rough, a result due in some cases to the smallness of the originals, which could not bear so high a scale of enlargement. The coloured frontispiece is most unsatisfactory. It is copied from a seventeenth century original, apparently a bas-relief, and was chosen by the author, as he explains in his Preface, on account of its subject-matter, for it represents Our Lady of the Rosary with medallions of the fifteen mysteries as a surrounding border. It may be that it looks well as a sculpture, but as here reproduced it is a deal too coarse-grained and inartistic. On the other hand, the illustrations of the first part form a particularly interesting series. They are copies of a Rosary series of frescoes painted in the early part of the seventeenth century by Giovanni de San Giovanni on the walls of the Annalena Convent at Florence; and it seems that this is the first time they have been reproduced. The illustrations to Part II. are selected from various quarters, several from the great masters. About a dozen,

however, form a set by themselves, being taken from Scio's Spanish Bible printed at Madrid in 1794. It is these particularly which are so unsatisfactory. The fault is of course in the originals, which perhaps did not permit of satisfactory reproduction, but Father Digby Best may reasonably plead that the series has a bibliographical interest to set over against the defects.

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### 3.—MY QUEEN AND MY MOTHER.<sup>1</sup>

Beneath her modest disguise of R. G. S., we may recognize the author of a little spiritual book published a year or two ago under the title of *Magister adest*. The writer's object is in each case the same: to encourage the practice of daily meditation, by providing some simple aids for those who are discouraged by the difficulty of finding appropriate thoughts to dwell upon. In *My Queen and my Mother* which she dedicates as a Jubilee offering to our Blessed Lady, she takes the titles of the Litany of Loretto for her subject-matter—appending, however, some further points suggested by the versicle and response, and the prayer *Gratiam tuam*, which form its liturgical termination. To each title are appended first some texts from Holy Scripture and then a page or two of commentary, or rather of applications, for no pretence is here made to an exegetical treatment of the titles, or of the many texts of Scripture which are employed to bring out the pious thoughts. Nor was exegetical treatment necessary. It is good and valuable in its place, but it would sadly fetter the devout soul in its prayerful intercourse with our Lord and His Holy Mother, if it were compelled to use the words of Scripture, or of an ecclesiastical document like this Litany only in the sense which they originally bore. If such words are capable of bearing or suggesting a meaning such as the soul desires to express, no injury is done to them, but rather, as we may infer from their power to touch the heart even when used in an applied sense, they are made to fulfil an extension of their divine author's original purpose.

This little word of warning seems necessary to direct the reader's attention to the true merit of these quiet but fervent pages. *Da amantem et ipse intelliget quæ dico* said one of our

<sup>1</sup> *My Queen and my Mother*. By R. G. S. With a Preface by the Bishop of Salford. London: Art and Book Company.

great spiritual writers; and the authoress of this little book may claim in the same way that her words will find a response in hearts which, like her own, are practised in the art of living in union with God. Her thoughts are not usually striking, but they are always tender and helpful, and her practical suggestions marked by solid piety, the theme of them all being, of course, the examples set for our imitation by the Virgin Mother in her earthly life, in such earthly life, that is to say, as the devout imagination infers from the perfection of her virtues. One would like to give an illustration of her style, but that is always difficult in a necessarily short notice.

As we have said, exegetical, and in the same way critical, accuracy is not necessary in a book of this sort. Still, it is just as well to warn writers of spiritual books of the pitfalls which lie in their path in regard to the sermons and other writings attributed to the early Fathers, which are usually appended in smaller type to the editions of their collected writings. They were attributed to these Fathers in perfect good faith by writers of former days, but now-a-days we have more certain methods by which to decide questions of authorship. And indeed the mere fact that a sermon extols the praises of our Lady in effusive language is evidence that it could not have come from the pens of St. Athanasius or St. Augustine. The growth of devotion has been gradual. It began by dwelling on the most central devotions and facts of faith, and from these passed on to discover first one then another aspect of the Incarnation, and so in time became impressed by our Lady's intimate relations with it.

A feature in *My Queen and my Mother* which must not pass without mention is the large number of plates in half-tone which it contains. There are nearly seventy of them, a good many being reproductions of famous pictures by the old masters, such as one is glad to have by one. All indeed are not equally well executed, but some are excellent, and more could not be expected for 4s. 6d. net.

4.—EARLE'S MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE.<sup>1</sup>

The Cambridge University Press has sent us a copy of their beautiful edition of this famous seventeenth century classic. It is printed in a new square-faced English type of a highly quaint and attractive effect. The typographical execution of the work seems to us, in fact, as near perfection as may be, and the triumphs of the Kelmscott Press are recalled if not eclipsed by this most tasteful of reprints. Whether the gem thus glorified is quite worthy of its setting must be considered a matter of taste. There is no doubt plenty of wit in the short essays of this quaint old English divine, but there are other works which we should have preferred to see thus highly honoured, say, for instance, some of the writings of Sir Thomas More, or if early sixteenth century English does not seem quite in harmony with the characteristic design of this fount of type, the minor poems of Milton, or the Virgin Martyr of Massinger. But of the beauty of the edition there can be no question. The price is high, but the edition is limited to 250 copies.

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*Literary Record.*


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## I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE C.T.S. Press has just issued, in penny booklets, *A Tale of Mexican Horrors*, by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J.; *Rome's Appalling Record*, or *The French Clergy and its Calumniators*, by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.; *Are Indulgences sold in Spain?* by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.; a short *Life of Doña Luisa de Carvajal under the title A Spanish Heroine in England*; and two recent Papal pronouncements on *Christian Democracy*, and *Sacred Music*.

From B. Herder (Freiburg im Breisgau and St. Louis, Mo.) we have received a prayer-book on somewhat new lines, and a little practical treatise dealing with doubts against Faith.

<sup>1</sup> *Earle's Micro-Cosmographie*. The Cambridge University Press. New type. Price 21s. net.

The former (*The Catholic's Manual*, by Tilmann Pesch, S.J., xxiv. 708 pp., paper 2s., bound 2s. 6d. to 5s.), is a free English version of the author's well-known German prayer-book, *The Religious Life*. Copious and solid instruction on practical religion in general, and on a number of special religious exercises and devotions in common use, is a chief characteristic of the work, and must obtain for it the appreciation of all who will make practical acquaintance with it. Converts, especially, should be pleased with it. The treatise on Faith (*From Doubt to Faith*, by Rev. F. Tournebize, S.J., adapted from the French by Rev. J. M. Leleu; 16mo, iv. and 90 pp.; cloth 1s. 3d.), is addressed chiefly to those who feel a drawing towards Catholicism, but to their great regret find it hard to see their way to accept it as the truth, either because they have never had the gift of faith, or having had it have more or less completely lost it.

To Burns and Oates, Ltd., we owe a Second Edition of *A Daily Thought*, from the writings of the Rev. Father Dignam, S.J.; *At the Feet of Jesus*, by Madame Cecilia (Second Edition, 280 pp., cloth, 2s. 6d.); and a new edition, excellently printed, of *The Little Office of the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary*, translated from the Latin by Edmund Waterton (paper 6d.).

The Dolphin Press has issued a most elaborate *Course of Christian Doctrine*, as a Handbook for Teachers in the parochial schools of America. It is evidently the work of a pedagogical expert, and has received high commendation from Bishop Shanahan of Harrisburg. Elementary School Managers on this side of the Atlantic might get a wrinkle or two from it.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

*Some contents of foreign Periodicals:*

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH (September, 14).

St. Ignatius in the light of critical research. *O. Braunsberger, S.J.*

The Artistic Exhibits at Düsseldorf. *J. Braun, S.J.* A Book on Mysticism. *M. Meschler, S.J.* The Population of modern big Towns. *H. Roch, S.J.* Joseph de Maistre, a literary sketch. *H. Baumgartner, S.J.* Reviews, &c.

## RAZÓN Y FE. (September.)

The Concordat. *J. M. Garcia Ocaña*. Philip III. and the Immaculate Conception. *L. Frías*. The organization of Centres of Farmers' Associations. *N. Noguet*. The Christian Inspiration of Lope de Vega. *J. M. Alcaro*. Monastic Studies in the West (cont.). *R. Ruiz Amado*. Moral Education and Boarding Schools. *M. Martínez*. Reviews, &c.

## L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (September 15.)

French Missions in the United States of North America. *André*. Let us be of the West. *Abbé Delfour*. Charles Chesnelong (cont.). *M. de Marcey*. About the War in the Far East (cont.). *A. Gairal de Sérézin*. R. Wagner, the Dramatist. *J. Benoit*. Reviews, &c.

## ÉTUDES (September 20.)

Le Comte Armand de Pontmartin. *Victor Delaporte*. Nickel Steels. *Joseph de Joannis*. The Beginnings of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in the West. *Augustin Noyon*. Reviews, &c.

## LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (September.)

The Crisis of Socialism in Italy. *Cte. Joseph Grabinski*. The Belgian Exchange System. *Ed. Van der Smissen*. French Magistrates and French Society. *Victor du Bled*. Literary Chats, &c.

## CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (September 3 and 17.)

At Ratisbon with the German Catholics. Francesco Domenico Guerrazzi. The Congress of Vienna and the Resurrection of Italy. The Tusculan Villa of Cicero. Waldeck-Rousseau and his Work. Francesco Petrarca. The St. Louis Exhibition. Statement (with documents) of the rupture between France and the Holy See (cont.). Reviews, &c.



